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Harford Semi-Centennial Celebration

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

MINISTRY OF

REV. ADAM MILLER,

IN THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

IN

HARFORD, PA.;

OCTOBER 3, 1878.

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HARFORD SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

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PRELIMINARY MEETING.

HARFORD, PA., JULY 27, 1878.

In accordance with a notice given on the preceding Sabbath, a meeting of the Congregational Church and Society was held at the Lecture Room. Edwin T. Tiffany was appointed chairman, and Henry M. Jones secretary. The meeting was opened with singing a hymn and prayer.

The deliberations of the meeting pertained to the fact that the 21st of September next will complete fifty years of the continuous service of Rev. Adam Miller, as minister of the Gospel in this congregation.

Resolved, 1. That the semi-centennial anniversary of our Pastor's ministry among us be observed with appropriate exercises at or near the time above named.

2. That Thursday, the third day of October next, be the day set apart for this purpose.

3. That Prof. W. S. Tyler of Amherst College be requested to give an address at that time.

4. That Edwin T. Tiffany, Henry M. Jones, Tyler Brewster, Mrs. John C. Tanner and Mrs. Dr. Henry Pennypacker be a committee to make the arrangements necessary for the occasion.

At the request of the committee, and in accordance with the wishes of the people, the Pastor prepared and delivered a Discourse, giving outlines of the history of the church from its organization, June 15, 1800, to the present time. As Mr. Miller preferred to give this on the Sabbath preceding the Anniversary Exercises, it was delivered Sept. 29, 1878. The house was filled. The Discourse was heard with great interest, and a copy was requested for publication.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. ADAM MILLER.

PSALM LXXVIII: 3, 4, 6.—Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children. That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God.

God's providential dealings with his church are fraught with interesting and profitable instruction. Hence, He who uttered the law and revealed the system of doctrines published in the sacred record, has committed to the same inspired volume a history of the church which, through centuries, was the depository of his truth. The subject is detailed not only by the professed historian, but the ruler in his farewell address, the prophet in his admonitions, the psalmist in songs of the sanctuary, the apostle in discoursing of Christ crucified, narrate in epitome events which occurred ages before. A reason is obvious. Those events cast not a little light upon the character and government of God; upon his law and gospel; upon the character, obligations and destiny of man, as well as on other subjects of moment.

In transmitting the knowledge of his will, or of events worthy of remembrance, God does not repeat the revelation to each successive generation, but employs the agency of one generation to benefit another. God has ordained that those to whom his truth is revealed, or who

witness his works, shall transmit the valued knowledge to others following, and they to others, that thus successive generations may be instructed and blessed. Of thoughts like these the text makes suggestion.

The history of God's dealings with us as a church and people may be uninteresting to strangers. It is otherwise to us and our children. That history should not be lost. Yet how few could give it. Those who had early part in the affairs of the church have passed away. To numbers now living the works which God wrought in the past may be almost unknown. To most of us the subject wears an indistinctness which presages obliteration from satisfactory remembrance, unless we pause and refresh our memory by reviewing "that which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us."

In the Fall and Winter of 1789, several young men of Attleborough, Mass., met frequently to deliberate on the subject of emigrating from the place of their nativity. Most of them were unmarried and unsettled. With their slender means it was difficult to obtain, near home, sufficient land for profitable cultivation. This urged them to seek ampler room, in some new region, on cheaper soil.

A company of nine concluded to enter upon the adventure in the Spring. They were Hosea Tiffany, Caleb Richardson, Ezekiel Titus, Robert Follett, Moses Thacher, Samuel Thacher, John Carpenter, Josiah Carpenter and Daniel Carpenter. Messrs. Tiffany, Titus and Follett were married. Mr. Tiffany was over thirty years of age, most of the others were under twenty-five.

They left Attleborough by two different routes, on the 27th and 29th of April, 1790, and, according to agreement, met at West Stockbridge. Thence, by the way of Kinderhook, they proceeded to Albany, N. Y. Appli-

cation for information was made to the Surveyor General of the State. He suggested the valley of the Mohawk river, and, if not suited there, Cherry Valley, or lands soon to be surveyed west of the Unadilla river. Reports of the prevalence of sickness in the most inviting portions of the Mohawk valley led them to turn from the river at Canajoharie and proceed to Cherry Valley. They were inclined to settle there; but, visiting William Cooper, at the outlet of Otsego lake, they were invited to pass down the Susquehanna river in a boat with him, to view lands lying about one hundred miles south, of which he had the agency. To this southerly movement consent was given the more readily, in hope of finding a warmer climate; a settler at Cherry Valley having stated to them that during his residence there of five years not a month had passed without a frost.

Passing down the Susquehanna river, they arrived at the Great Bend May 16th, 1790. Here they found a few families, with whom they remained the next day, which was the Sabbath, and attended public worship. On Monday, with Mr. Cooper and his surveyor, they proceeded into the wilderness, in a southern direction, reaching the present line of Harford at a point since known as the residence of Abel Read. Here one of the company climbed a pine tree, from whose top he looked forth to obtain the best view practicable of the land of their future heritage. On Tuesday they reached the "Beaver Meadow," in the westerly part of our township. Near the large spring of water, at its lower extremity, they built a rude cabin for temporary shelter.

After a few days of prospecting, a tract of land four miles long and one mile wide was purchased for £1,198. The corner of the tract was near the spring; thence a line

ran northwest one mile; thence northeast four miles. The center of a parallelogram having these sides would be a short distance south-west of this church. The writings were drawn and signed on a hemlock stump, May 22, 1790. Thus these hardy pioneers, who could pass the beautiful and rich valley of the Mohawk, find a home of their choice amidst the heavy forests and rugged hills of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

At that time, Northeastern Pennsylvania and adjacent portions of New York, with small exceptions, presented the solitude of an immense wilderness. Between Lanesborough and the mouth of Snake Creek, about a dozen families had located. Southwest of this place, on the Hopbottom creek, were a few persons constituting the "Irish Settlement." At "Thornbottom" was another small settlement, ten or twelve miles distant, below our present county line. Neither of these could furnish provisions to our adventurers, if they should remain through the summer. Wilkesbarre and the "French Settlement" below Towanda were the nearest places on which they could rely. To reach supplies, a wilderness of forty or fifty miles must be traversed, without a beast of burden, without a path. They concluded to return to Attleborough till fall.

To distribute the joint purchase, a plan was adopted by which one hundred and fifty acres were assigned to each partner, reserving the remainder as a common domain. The distribution, like that of Israel's inheritance, was made by lot, and resulted satisfactorily. By a subsequent arrangement with Mr. Drinker, the landholder, the joint obligation for the wholesale purchase was cancelled, and individuals became responsible for their respective possessions.

In the fall of the same year, nearly all of the nine returned to their purchase, accompanied by several others. They brought with them an ox-team, tools, clothing, provisions, etc. Late in the season, having labored meanwhile, they returned to Attleborough for the winter.

The spring of 1791 found most of them on their land, clearing and cultivating it. In the fall they again returned to Attleborough. About that time the settlement became known as "NINE PARTNERS." This name it bore till 1807.

On the 2d of February, 1792, Hosea Tiffany and wife, with their children, Hosea, Amos and Nancy; Robert Follett and wife, with their daughter Lucy, left Attleborough with ox-teams, arriving here the first week of March. In this company were the first white women who visited the place. A number of other persons were on the ground during the summer without their families.

Grain or flour was brought from the "French Settlement" and Wilkesbarre, on horseback; sometimes on the shoulder from some nearer point. For several years the nearest grist mill was at "Chenango Point" — now Binghamton. The common and most convenient substitute for a mill was found in some stump near the door. The top of it was excavated so as to form a mortar. The operation of its pestle was materially aided by bending over it some elastic sapling growing near by. During the first years the settlers sometimes found themselves uncomfortably straitened in necessary articles of food, both as respects variety and quantity. Not unfrequently the capture of a deer furnished relief in seasons of urgent necessity.

The spring of 1794 added to the settlement Laban Capron and wife, with children, Wheaton, Nancy and

Hannah; Thomas Sweet and wife and daughter, Charlotte; John Carpenter and wife and son, John; Samuel Thacher and wife and son, Daniel C.; also John Tyler, Jr., and Dr. Comfort Capron. In the fall of that year came John Tyler and wife and children, Job, Joab, Achsah and Jabez; Thomas Tiffany and wife and children, Lorindia, Alfred, Thomas, Pelatiah, Tingley, Dalton and Lewis.

The fall of 1795 brought in Amos Sweet and wife and children, Asahel, Stephen, Oney, Polly and Nancy; Ezekiel Titus and wife and children, Leonard, Richardson, Preston and Sophia; and Ezra Carpenter. To these were added in the same year, or years immediately following, Elkanah Tingley, Obadiah Carpenter and wife and sons, Obadiah and Elias, Joseph Blanding. Obadiah Thacher, John Thacher, Moses Thacher, Abel Read, Thomas Wilmarth, Noah Fuller, Nathaniel Claflin, and others. All accessions before 1800, it is believed, were from Attleborough, except Jotham Oakley, who came from Thornbottom, and was a native of Dutchess Co., N. Y.

The settlement of Nine Partners lay within the original township of Nicholson, which embraced a territory of twenty miles square, extending to the present northern limits of our township, and forming part of Luzerne county. In 1807, on petition of the inhabitants, it was constituted, by the General Assembly of the State, a town and election district, under the name of Harford. The tax roll of 1807 contained forty names.

The early settlers were characterized by industry, frugality, morality and mutual kindness of feeling. Hardly distinguished from each other in occupation, or temporal circumstances, they found at each others' cabins a homely but cordial entertainment. Remote from public thorough-

fares, and, we might say, secluded from the rest of the world, they knew little of political agitations, or other excitements elsewhere prevailing. The State, on whose soil they dwelt, did not practically care to claim them as part of its charge, or to extend over them the folds of its civil jurisdiction. About ten years they were left without taxes or military duties or civil rulers. A sense of justice, the dictates of kindness, the power of moral training and public opinion were their officers and exactors.

An infant daughter of Robert Follett died December, 1796. Dr. Comfort Capron died in June, 1800. These furnished the first burials in our cemetery. Of the nine partners eight were living forty years after the first visit to the place. The last survivor was Ezekiel Titus, who died in 1846..

We have been following a company of hardy and enterprising young men and families who have left the homes of their childhood, and established their dwelling in the bosom of a distant and wide wilderness. The sanctuary, the ministry of the word, the influence of organized Christian society, the presence of parental example and counsel, do not overshadow them. *In their spiritual and highest interests, what shall be the destiny of these, and of others who come after them?*

None of the settlers of the first four years were professors of religion, yet the Sabbath always found them resting from their labors. Nor was the day employed in hunting or social amusements.

Among the settlers of 1794–95 were several members of the Congregational church in Attleborough. In the Fall of 1794 the settlement was visited by Rev. Daniel Buck. Mr. Buck had emigrated from New Milford, Conn. He had purchased a farm near Great Bend, and was

preaching at Great Bend, Pa., and Windsor, N. Y. The visit was soon repeated. These first sermons in the settlement were preached in a log cabin covered with bark, which stood on the side of the "Farrar Hill." A "Reading Meeting" was then established, by vote of the people, and John Tyler was chosen to conduct it. These meetings were held every Sabbath. The services consisted of the reading of the Scriptures and some printed sermon, with prayer and singing. Not long after this a missionary, named Smith, preached here a few times; afterwards an Irish minister, named Bolton, was employed to labor a short time. Rev. Daniel Thatcher, of the Presbytery of Orange, N. J., and missionary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, made several transient visits. In the course of years succeeding they had the pleasure of seeing, occasionally, the face of some missionary of the General Assembly, or of the "Missionary Society of Connecticut." Rev. Messrs. Asa Hillier, M. L. R. Perrine and David Porter have been remembered with interest. They were pastors elsewhere, but would employ a month or two in the year to look up the destitute in the wilderness.

A Church was organized June 15, 1800, by Rev. Jedediah Chapman, of the Presbytery of Orange, N. J., a missionary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church It consisted of seven members, Obadiah Carpenter and his wife Amy, John Tyler and his wife Mercy, John Thacher, Mercy Carpenter, wife of Obadiah Carpenter Jr., and Miss Mary Thacher. All had letters from the church in Attleborough, of which Rev. Peter Thacher was pastor. The Articles of Faith, drawn up by Mr. Chapman, were subsequently exchanged for others dear to the infant church by memories associated with the place of their

nativity. "March 3, 1803, being met in church meeting, after prayer to God for direction, the church, after due deliberation, do solemnly declare themselves to be of the Congregational order, by vote unanimously. Voted, that the Confession of Faith of the 2d Church of Christ in Attleborough and Covenant, together with the Cambridge Platform," be the rule of faith and discipline. In place of that prolix covenant, a briefer one was adopted in 1806, which is, in substance, the one adopted at the formation of the church. In April, 1803, John Tyler and Obadiah Carpenter were elected deacons. Meetings for public worship were held in the dwelling house of John Tyler, which stood on the place now occupied by the residence of Henry M. Jones, and which was the first frame house in the settlement. Meetings were also held in his barn, which stood on the hill-side west of it, but is now demolished.

The settlement increased with some rapidity for the times. Whether any instance of conversion occurred during the first twelve years, I have not learned. In nearly three years after the organization of the church, only one addition was made. That was by letter.

The winter of 1802–3 is memorable for its influence on the religious character and prospects of the growing community. In those days ministers were sometimes sent forth, two and two, to look up the sheep scattered in the wilderness. Under date of January 24, 1803, Rev. Seth Williston writes to the Missionary Society of Connecticut: "I came to a settlement called Nine Partners, intending to preach a lecture and pass on. This was Monday evening. They urged me to stay through the week. I agreed to stay and preach again the next day. I now agreed to stay over the Sabbath. That day was a remarkably solemn day. I believe God was in the midst of

the assembly, of a truth. Sabbath evening we had about as full a meeting as in the day time, though there was no moon." Rev. Mr. Woodward had preceded Mr. Williston, and on the Sabbath before had preached and administered the Lord's supper to the little church. On that occasion "a man who was a deist and an open scoffer at religion, made game of it, and endeavored to turn into ridicule this holy ordinance." The conference meeting of that Sabbath evening had been especially disturbed by controversy. An impression was left, unhappy in its probable influence on men of growing families, without piety, and beginning to sympathize with pernicious errors. During the week, and on the Sabbath after these occurrences, Mr. Williston was with the people, and of which he wrote as above. He found a note from Mr. Woodward saying, "This is a ruined people." The same man was among Mr. Williston's hearers. In the evening conference his presence was observed with some anxiety, when, at the first opportunity, he arose to speak. To the surprise of the assembly, his first words confessed his sins and entreated that he might be remembered in prayer. God's work of grace had begun.

The next day Mr. Williston left to fulfill appointments and was absent two weeks. "The people of Nine Partners," he writes, in his report, "lay so much on my mind that I concluded to return. I found the work had spread during my absence." He remained five weeks. "They seemed not to think that it was a burden to attend sermons day after day, and conference in the evening. Yesterday there were 170 at meeting, which is a great number for such a settlement. The doctrines of grace are believed, and apparently loved by those who have obtained hope, and hated by those under legal con-

viction. The work has been very rapid, and is yet increasing; at the same time it is still and orderly. There is an unbounded desire to hear." This was a revival among heads of families. It was ordained of God to exert a happy influence on the little church, and on the children of these households. In April fourteen made a profession of religion, and afterwards more who were the subjects of the work.

In the next five years the church had preaching occasionally. The only supplies came from transient missionaries. It did not amount to one-fourth of the time; yet that was esteemed a great favor. In 1806 a small church edifice was erected.

In the winter of 1808–9, an increasing spirit of prayer furnished signs of promise. Rev. Mr. Griswold of West Hartwick, N. Y., being here on a visit to relatives, suggested that Rev. Joel T. Benedict of Franklin, N. Y., be invited to come and labor a while. Mr. Benedict's first sermon was preached on a Thursday evening, to a small assembly on the north-eastern outskirts of the settlement. The sermon, with his visits, proved a blessing to some. The next evening he preached to a larger assembly, at the house of John Carpenter. Many felt the power of divine truth. The benediction was pronounced, but the people lingered as if unwilling to depart. "Go home," said Mr. Benedict, "and let your parents pray for you." In the anguish of conviction, a young lady replied, "I have no parents to pray for me." Troubled sinners wept. The next day, a meeting for conversation with individuals found a room filled with youth desirous of being instructed in the way of life.

In personal addresses, Mr. Benedict was frequently abrupt and pungent. In preaching, he gave great prom-

inence to the doctrines of grace. Some of his discourses produced deep impressions. Meetings were held almost daily. Some of them were held in Brooklyn and Gibson, which were then within the bounds of the church of Harford. The word of the Lord was precious in those days. Distance, darkness and bad roads were considered but slight obstructions to the gathering of congregations anywhere. Their labors were continued five or six weeks. Mr. Griswold labored for some time afterwards. In July Mr. Benedict returned, and received into the church forty-three persons, most of them sons and daughters of the subjects of the first revival. Parents and children met at the Lord's table with gratitude and joy.

Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, the first pastor of the Congregational church in Harford, was born in Coventry, Conn., August 30, 1762. He graduated at Yale college in 1786; studied theology with Dr. Backus of Somers, Conn.; in 1791 was installed pastor of the church in Jericho, Vt., where he continued till 1808. In 1809 he came to Northeastern Pennsylvania, commissioned by the Missionary Society of Connecticut. He was installed pastor of the church in Harford, August 3, 1810, and continued in that relation till September, 1827. During all his pastorate he preached here only half of the time, devoting the other half to missionary labor in the region. After the close of his pastorate here he continued to perform missionary services in various feeble churches. A number of them had been organized by him, or in their infancy taught or counselled by him. They esteemed him highly. During the last five or six years of his life he seldom preached, but was a regular attendant on worship with us, a good parishioner. He died March 22, 1842, in the eightieth year of his age. Under Mr. Kings-

bury's ministry the church prospered. Several seasons of special religious interest occurred. The first of them was in the winter of 1816–17. Returning from the scene of a revival at Wilkesbarre, much aroused, he preached from Isa. 49: 4. The service of that Sabbath made a saving impression to which several referred at their examination for admission to the church. In the latter part of April Rev. Manasseh M. York came and labored about three weeks, preaching frequently here, and in Brooklyn and Gibson, which were still considered as part of this church.

In the fall of 1819 some unusual interest originated in the west part of the town in connection with prayer meetings. There were a few conversions in the classical school of Rev. Lyman Richardson, and also among others. In the spring following, a course of systematic visitation from house to house was undertaken by six elderly men, who went two and two. Some of the younger brethren became exceedingly zealous. Some prayer meetings were held all night. Some days of fasting and prayer were spent in the woods. The nature and efficacy of the "Prayer of Faith" was the subject of much discussion. The people had heard reports of the great success of Rev. Mr. Truair as a "revival preacher." After several attempts to obtain him, they were successful. He came and remained several days; but his efforts accomplished no valuable results. Afterward, Rev. Enoch Conger labored here some time. He was an unostentatious, industrious man, wise in his efforts. The season of interest was protracted through the summer, and was of much benefit.

The winter of 1825–6 had a season of some special interest. It was of limited extent and duration. Yet some fruits of it remain.

Your Present Pastor, while yet a member of the Auburn Theological Seminary, was licensed by the Otsego Presbytery, at West Hartwick, February 13, 1827. In the ensuing summer, several months of missionary labor, in the service of the Western Domestic Missionary Society, were spent in the valley of the Mohawk, and afterwards, one year at Oswego Falls, N. Y. My first sermon at Harford was preached September 21, 1828. Since that date, this has been my field of labor continuously. The first arrangement was for one year. Before the end of the year, a call was made out, for permanent settlement as pastor. That call was declined. Expecting to go elsewhere, I requested of the Susquehanna Presbytery, then in session here, ordination as an Evangelist, that I might be fully furnished for the work of a Minister, wherever my lot might be cast. The request for ordination was granted, and the services performed without any reference to an installation. Soon afterwards another call was given by the Church, which was accepted, and the installation took place, April 28, 1830. The sermon was preached by Rev. Cyrus Guildersleeve.

In the summer of 1831, in common with many other churches, we had a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Early in June, a "three days meeting" was held here. On such occasions it was customary for ministers and other Christians from neighboring churches to meet, and devote two or three days to prayer, conference, and the preaching of the word. The edification and quickening of Christians was all that was expected as immediate results. Our meeting was enjoyed as refreshing to Christians, but nothing remarkable occurred. There were, however, near the close of the meeting, a few slight indications of awakened interest, in several of the

impenitent. Your pastor went forth, the next morning, to look upon the field. Marked evidence was found of the work of the Holy Spirit in the conviction of some sinners. A prayer-meeting in the evening, at the house of Ichabod Seaver, disclosed more plainly the commencement of a work of grace. The next Sabbath, the congregation was deeply impressed with the evidence that God was here. About that time the first conversion occurred. In two weeks, fifteen persons were expressing hope. The work progressed gradually through the summer. Besides the ordinary services in the sanctuary, on the Sabbath, the means employed were meetings for prayer, in various neighborhoods, during the week, visiting from house to house, and inquiry meetings. Except as above stated, there was not an "extra meeting" held. Thirty-four persons united with the church that year.

In the succeeding January, there was a reviving of religious interest. Prayer meetings were fully attended. Several of the impenitent manifested some anxiety. After a day of fasting and prayer, a "protracted meeting" of eight days was held. Numbers from surrounding congregations came in to attend. Neighboring ministers, who were present, took part in preaching and other services. There was preaching three times each day, with meetings for prayer and conversation with inquirers. Thirty or forty persons presented themselves, as desirous of being made subjects of prayer. There were, however, only about fifteen hopeful conversions. Several of these were from abroad. For several weeks afterwards, there were cases of awakening and conversion.

In January, 1833, there were again encouraging indications. Early in February, a day of fasting and prayer was observed, with manifest tokens of God's blessing.

A protracted meeting commenced February 19, continuing twelve days. Rev. Daniel Deruelle of Montrose, and Rev. Sylvester Cooke of Brooklyn were with us. There was preaching in the afternoon and evening of each day, with meetings for prayer and personal conversation. In this meeting, the intensity of interest surpassed all that we had before witnessed. About sixty persons professed to comply with the terms of salvation, some of whom were from other places. Some strangers, who tarried only for the night, on the morrow went away rejoicing.

Early in 1839, an increase of the spirit of prayer and a few conversions appeared to authorize and call for special efforts. My own health having, for several years, been poor, and not adequate to the labor then necessary, Rev. J. B. Graves, pastor of the church in Houesdale, was invited to assist. The meeting continued twelve days. From fifteen to fifty persons attended the inquiry meetings. At the next communion, nineteen made a public profession of religion.

The year 1843 was remarkable for the extensive prevalence of simultaneous movements on the minds of the people, leading them to think of things which are unseen and eternal. That influence was felt here. On Monday evening, February 6, without public notice, a few Christians met for consultation and prayer at the house of Dea. Joab Tyler. That meeting was a harbinger of blessings. Another meeting was appointed for Tuesday evening. A good number were in attendance. Several impenitent persons arose to express their desire to be remembered in prayer. Meetings were held at the same place every evening of the week. The attendance increased, as also did the number of inquirers, and the depth of their feelings. Thursday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer,

and found a large portion of the church together. It was a day of humiliation, confession, Christian tenderness and trembling solicitude. To some persons it was a day of intense conviction of sin; and then of a peaceful hope of eternal life. On the next Sabbath, February 12th, I commenced preaching in the church in the evening. This was continued every evening (Saturdays excepted) till March 13th, and afterwards at intervals. A considerable portion of almost every day was devoted to visiting from house to house. Meetings for prayer and inquiry were held, also prayer meetings for young converts, after the revival had progressed sufficiently. The assemblies were large, even in weather bitterly cold. I had ministerial help at only one evening service. It was an interesting feature of the revival that Christians came early and readily into the work. God, in his Providence, committed the work into our hands, and there was a prompt and cheerful readiness to do it.

In the latter part of the winter of 1851, the existence of some religious interest in the community led me to invite Rev. Thomas S. Ward of New Jersey, who was then in our vicinity, to come and help me. He was with us on the 16th of March and remained three weeks. Meetings were held every evening, and generally also in the afternoon. Individuals and families were visited. The word of God was faithfully preached. Prayer meetings were held. Individuals were conversed with as opportunities could be gained. No other measures were resorted to. The Holy Spirit wrought on the minds of the impenitent, and they came to inquire what they must do to be saved. At the next communion thirty-two were added to the church on profession of their faith.

The opening of the year 1855 furnished no special encouragement. Sinners out of Christ were sleeping in

undisturbed security. What remedial means could be most wisely and hopefully employed, became with your Pastor the subject of much anxious thought. Having taken counsel with a few brethren, Rev. Orson Parker, an evangelist then laboring in south-western New York, was invited to labor among us a short time. He came March 12th.

In making this arrangement the co-operation of the church was counted on. The expectation was not disappointed. They entered into the work readily and heartily. Gospel truths were soon reaching the hearts of men. Meetings were held in the afternoon and evening of every day. Individuals and families were visited by the Pastor and members of the church. The evening service in the church was preceded by a meeting in the lecture room, for giving instruction adapted to the case of inquirers.

The meetings were continued between three and four weeks. They were pervaded by a current of earnest thoughtfulness and inquiry, with intelligent convictions of sin, and hopeful conversions. The preaching was calm, earnest, addressed to the understanding and conscience, and making the way of life plain. There were no efforts to get up scenes of excitement. No "anxious seats" were put in requisition. No measures were resorted to to entrap the weak and excitable.

The Savior's blessing on that meeting devolved much arduous care and labor on the Pastor, for subsequent weeks. A precious harvest was gathered. At one communion fifty-eight were received into the church on profession of their faith; nineteen of them were heads of families.

In 1865 the additions to the church, twelve in number,

were mostly fruits of a work of the Holy Spirit, limited in extent but of peculiar character. There were cases of awakened thoughtfulness, with earnest desire and efforts to find the way of life, in persons apart from each other and without knowledge of each other. Their state of mind was known to but few persons besides the Pastor, until they came before the church to make a public profession of religion.

The first week in January, 1867, was observed as a "week of prayer," in concert with many Christians in the world. The Lord owned the service. A number of the impenitent who attended to participate in the season of prayer, found a Savior and a place in his church afterwards.

The month of December, 1871, witnessed a work of grace, not general, but confined mostly to one of our neighborhoods. The first indications of good were in the prayer meeting at the "Sweet school house." This led to evening services for preaching by the pastor, which continued several weeks. Eighteen persons united with the church in 1872.

A distinct recognition of these seasons of mercy is but justice to the history of our church, and to the Father of mercies, from whom they came. Dear to the church of God is the memory of her revivals. The prosperity of our church has been intimately connected with them. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that "revivals" do not monopolize all that is needful or good. Other seasons, besides those of deeply excited feelings and extraordinary efforts, may be periods of prosperity. The regular and faithful preaching of divine truth—Christian instruction in the family and Sabbath school; regular attendance on the worship of the sanctuary; meetings for prayer; a

liberal interest in sustaining the church of Christ and her enterprises,— these, even when not in scenes like those of Pentecost, are of immense value to the prosperity of a church. They lay the foundation for a piety intelligent, stable, useful. They contribute to render revivals genuine in character, eminent blessings to the church and world.

With gratitude we record the fact that in our congregation conversions have by no means been confined to seasons of general revival. In the intervals God has called numbers from darkness into light. Useful and happy Christians have thus been raised up. In some of these conversions, considering the subjects of the change, the way in which they were led, and the results which followed, we find materials for interesting narratives.

In the spring of 1837 an attack of *laryngitis* rendered public speaking a painful service to me. The severity of the disease increased so that on the first of July, by advice of physicians, the work of preaching was relinquished and was not resumed in a year. During this interval members of the Presbytery kindly made arrangements to preach in my stead, one-half of the time. We also employed a stated supply for a few weeks. On Sabbaths not thus provided for, the "reading meeting" was held, in which printed sermons were read, and other services conducted under the direction of the pastor, who was present though unable to preach. At an early period of the interruption the congregation were requested to unite with the pastor in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation. This the congregation declined to do. Through that year the salary was continued as usual, except the amount used to compensate the stated supply, engaged for about a month's labor.

In 1806 a small church edifice 22 feet by 30 in dimensions was built on land given by Hosea Tiffany. It stood in front of the location of the present church. It is now standing on the other side of the street, and is transformed into part of a dwelling house. The church which we now occupy was commenced and covered in 1822, and completed several years afterward. It cost originally about $2,700. In 1836 it was furnished with a good bell, weighing 830 pounds, at a cost of $250. The lecture room, 24 feet by 30, was built in 1844, and opened for worship February 9, 1845. It cost about $500.

In 1851 our church was repaired and extensively changed, within and without. The pews were remodeled and ten new ones added. The pulpit, originally a high structure, was taken away and a new one built. The breast-work of the gallery was made narrower and the seats changed. The steeple was built anew, and the front of the house newly covered. The whole cost about $1,500. The house was re-dedicated January 29, 1852. In the fall of 1873 the interior of the church was repainted and carpeted and cushioned anew. New windows were put in. This enterprise was accomplished by the ladies, and cost about $700.

The parsonage was built in 1832, on a lot given by Dea. Joab Tyler. As first constructed it cost about $800. The avails of a lot of land lying near the northerly line of the town, and formerly given to the congregation by Mr. Drinker, were used in building.

The faithful horse, who brings Christian worshippers hither, has not been neglected in the surroundings of the sanctuary. More than half a century he has found here, in sunshine and storm, shelter for himself and the conveyance. The sheds furnish about three dozen stalls for this purpose.

Besides these pecuniary outlays on structures belonging to the congregation, your Pastor remembers with gratitude tokens of esteem and kindness designed for him personally. In 1860 a lot of land containing about six acres, of desirable location, adjacent to the village, costing $410. was presented by individuals. In 1876 individuals donated an aggregate of nearly $1,800 towards erecting the dwelling house and other buildings now occupied by him. This was not for parsonage purposes, but for his personal ownership.

Sabbath School instruction was commenced about the year 1816. For a score of years there was but one school. Subsequently a number of schools were organized, as the necessity or convenience of the community required. In most of these, members of our congregation have borne an important part of the responsibility. The school held in the church numbers this year ninety scholars and fifteen teachers, and has a library of about 800 volumes.

For educational advantages Harford has long borne a high reputation. Some of the early settlers came with good qualifications as teachers, and began to exercise their vocation, here or elsewhere, at the earliest opportunity. In 1817 a select or classical school was commenced by Lyman Richardson, in the "Center school house." In divers forms and locations, with but little interruption, it has been continued to the present. In 1829 it came into the charge of Preston Richardson, a graduate of Hamilton College, whom a failure of health compelled to relinquish the work of preparation for the ministry of the gospel. In 1836, by act of incorporation, it became the Franklin Academy. Its prerogatives were afterwards enlarged under the more ambitious title of Harford

University. Under different administrations, the institution continued to attract students from the immediate vicinity, not only, but many both male and female from surrounding counties. Rev. Willard Richardson had charge of it several years. In 1840 Rev. Lyman Richardson returned to take charge of it, continuing twenty-five years. Though never a denominational institution, yet from first to last its life and motive power came from our church.

It was an illustrious act of patriotic justice and benevolence in Pennsylvania, at the close of the late war, to establish schools for "Soldiers' Orphan Children." For one in this part of the State, the grounds and buildings of the institution in Harford presented a convenient and attractive location. They were selected for the purpose. In 1865 Charles W. Deans was called to the charge of the enterprise. In 1868 it passed into the hands of Prof. Henry S. Sweet, and continues so. About two hundred of these orphans have been in attendance, the last two years. They are fed, clothed and taught at the expense of the State. Prof. Sweet, with his associate teachers, has been doing a work which creditably succeeds achievements on the same ground in former years.

In view of the prevalence of intemperance in our county, January 29, 1829, was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. A sermon was preached from Ezra, 10: 2; probably the first distinctively temperance sermon in the county. A Temperance Society was organized with fourteen members, viz: Obadiah Thacher, John Carpenter, Thomas Sweet, Adam Miller, John Tyler, Aaron Greenwood, Joab Tyler, James Greenwood, Lee Richardson, Samuel E. Kingsbury, Abel Read, Jr., Payson Kingsbury, Lebbeus Lewis, and Shepherd Carpenter. The

Harford Ladies' Temperance Society was formed June 13th of the same year. We had heard of only two other ladies' temperance societies in our country. The organization of ours gave occasion for much misrepresentation and ridicule. The ladies were reproached as meddling with what did not concern them, and stepping beyond the sphere of action proper for women. The society commenced with forty members and soon increased to sixty.

Harford has had three distilleries; one at the center and two others within a mile or two. The people had corn; there was no market for it in the form of its original production; so it must needs be distilled into whiskey, for which there was a market. Deacon Joab Tyler was the principal owner of the distillery in the village. When light came to his conscience, the fires of the distillery were extinguished. In 1829 the firm of Tyler, Seymour & Co., who were selling ardent spirits at the rate of 2,000 gallons a year, relinquished the sale. By vote of the church in 1842 the use of alcoholic wine at the Lord's supper was discontinued. Since that time the unfermented "fruit of the vine" has been in use.

The "irrepressible conflict" which involved the character and ultimately the doom of American slavery, was making some of its earlier movements, a few years less than fifty years ago. Agitations reached every part of our country, and grew in intensity. Near the beginning of 1836 notice was given that on the succeeding Sabbath the American slave system would be the subject of discussion. From a source entitled to much regard, remonstrance was made against the fulfillment of that promise, as tending to stir up dissension among ourselves, and as inappropriate to the Sabbath. Nevertheless the discourse was delivered. The early and plain discussion of that

exciting subject proved to be the course of wisdom. In times of bitter dissension elsewhere, though not all of the same mind at once, we did not "fall out by the way." A short time gave us an Anti-Slavery Society of two hundred members, including the remonstrant.

For the furtherance of the gospel *outside of our own bounds*, the congregation has been for many years in the habit of making its contributions. The claims of Home and Foreign Missions, Education for the gospel ministry, the Bible and Tract cause, Sabbath schools and Church Erection, have been thus recognized. For Missions, the contributions have gone into the channel of the American Board, the American Home Missionary Society, or the Boards of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, and have been given with a good measure of regularity.

Public worship has been held every Sabbath, except perhaps four, since the organization of the church. If there was no minister to preach, the "reading meeting" was held. It is understood that our sanctuary will not stand closed on the Sabbath. Meetings for conference and prayer have been maintained in our bounds from an early day, with such changes in time and place as circumstances rendered expedient.

The fathers and mothers of a former day, were, to my view, venerable men and women. They were my seniors much in age and religious experience. Some were well read on doctrinal subjects; tenacious of their peculiar views, and "set in their way." Controversy, it is said, had sometimes crept into their conference meetings, to the grief of their patient pastor, my predecessor. Coming among them still a young man, the work of the ministry was undertaken with misgivings. Nor were the

misgivings wholly on my part. When it was proposed to call me to this charge, at least one man was found to remonstrate. "You know what a hard task Mr. Kingsbury has had to manage us old men; I am astonished at you, that now you propose to call this boy."

It would be a remarkable experience, if, in the many years of the life of this church, there were not found instances of the personal alienations of members, and offences which call for discipline, and apostacies. Such there have been, but perhaps not more of them than would fall to our lot in a world where "It must needs be that offences come." There have been times of trial and fear. But the Good Shepherd has led us in paths of safety. His rod and staff have comforted us.

For the Ministry of the Gospel, the following persons have been furnished from the families of the church, or the roll of its members: Washington Thacher, Tyler Thacher, Moses Thacher, Lyman Richardson, all deceased; Prof. William S. Tyler, D. D., of Amherst College; Wellington H. Tyler, founder of the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute, deceased; Willard Richardson of South Carolina; Wilbur Johnson of Massachusetts; and Stephen Torrey of the Presbytery of Lackawanna. Of our women, Hannah Thacher, wife of Dr. W. J. Pride, and Philena Thacher, wife of Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkins, went out as missionaries to the Choctaws, at an early day of that mission, in the service of the American Board.

A delegate was sent to the Susquehanna Association meeting at Lisle, in 1803. No connection with that Association in southern New York appears to have been maintained. In 1810, the Luzerne Association was organized, at Harford. This embraced the new churches of northern Pennsylvania, as far south as Wilkesbarre, with

several in the State of New York. In 1817, the name of the Association was changed to Susquehanna Presbytery.* Like the church in Harford, most of the churches in the region were then Congregational in their form of government, but were connected with the Presbytery. On account of the extent of territory, in 1832, the Susquehanna Presbytery was divided, and from it came the new Presbyteries of Luzerne, Susquehanna and Montrose. We were included in the Montrose Presbytery.

According to the obvious interpretation of the standards of the Presbyterian church, none but ordained elders can represent a church in the Presbytery or Synod. Among the conditions of the reunion of the Presbyterian Church, in 1870, it was stipulated that the original constitutional rule should be observed in practice. This, of course, does not admit delegates from Congregational churches. Before the above date, the Congregational churches in the region, with several exceptions, had adopted the Presbyterian form of government. The question of making such change here was considered. A large majority of the church voted in favor of making it. But questions pertaining to the title of property furnish considerations for retaining, at present, the Congregational form of church organization. Thus, since the reunion, we have been standing in the midst of numerous and strong Presbyterian churches in the region, independent and solitary.

The settlers of the first score of years were mostly from Massachusetts. Afterwards there were additions from Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut. They

* Fifty years ago the Presbytery had under its care, in Pennsylvania, twenty seven churches in the counties of Bradford, Luzerne, Susquehanna and Wayne. Nine ministers were laboring among them, three of whom were installed Pastors. The aggregate of communicants was about 1,100. On that territory, as reported by the Lackawanna Presbytery, are now seventy ministers,—thirty-four of them being installed Pastors; and eighty-three churches with 7,510 communicants.

brought with them, and long retained the peculiarities of a New England congregation. Time has wrought its inevitable changes. Other parts of the world have sent in their representatives and influence. From other parts of our own state; from New York and New Jersey; from the Synod of Ulster, in Ireland; from churches of other denominations have come occasional accessions to the church. Among them some valuable helpers. Having "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," we have done our work with a large measure of harmony, comfort and success, for which we give thanks to the God of all grace.

In September, 1828, Dr. Lansing of Auburn, New York, received from Deacon Joab Tyler a letter, making request that he would find a minister for this congregation. The request was communicated to me. Of the present 76,000 miles of railways, there was not at that time a mile to give conveyance to the traveller. As the readiest way to reach Harford, my horse was saddled, a valise strapped on, and I started on a three days' ride, to a place of which I knew little except that they wanted a minister. Thus was found the field on which the work of my ministry has been performed for half a century.

In the first portion of the period, the stated worship of the Sabbath comprised two sermons in the church, with an intermission of about an hour, during which the Sabbath school was held. At a later hour in the afternoon, or evening, a sermon was preached in some neighborhood in the congregation, or a meeting for conference and prayer was held, or a Bible class. This arrangement continued till 1866. As now arranged, there is at the church a service in the morning, followed by the Sabbath school, and an evening service in the lecture room. In the afternoon there are stated appointments for preaching in different neighborhoods.

There have been 576 additions to the church, making a total of 785 from its organization. Our roll of present members, as recently revised, contains 184 names. I have attended 592 funerals, preaching a sermon on each occasion, with few exceptions. Have officiated at the marriage of 335 couples.

On occasion of absence, your pastor has almost invariably made provision for the supply of the pulpit, without care or expense to the congregation. The call for settlement provided for an annual vacation of four weeks. Of this, however, no advantage has been taken, except occasionally, for a visit to relatives, or attending the meetings of the General Assembly some half a dozen times, or in sickness.

During nearly all the time covered by this narrative, Christians of other denominations have resided here. In 1806, a few Baptists, in the south part of the town, ["Harding's,"] were accustomed to meet on the Lord's day, for prayer. In 1809, they had increased to fifteen. They were recognized as a church in 1812. A Methodist church was formed in 1843. Persons of Universalist preferences, some years ago, were considerably numerous. For some time they had the services of a minister half of the time. But there is no organization or service of that order now. Within a radius of about six miles, have been built the following church edifices: the Baptist church, South Harford; the Methodist church in the village of Harford; the Freewill Baptist church in Lenox; the Baptist church at Moxley's; the Universalist and Methodist churches in Gibson.

Memorable events lie within the last fifty years. Reference may be made to the extensive use of steam on land and water, in locomotion and human industries; the

telegraph, transmitting its messages which overleap time and space in their pathway in the air and under the ocean; the manifold discoveries and improvements in the sciences and arts, in agriculture, manufactures,—in machinery for purposes innumerable; the increase of our country's population, and its ever-moving transfers; the extension of its inhabited area over remote regions; access to treasures in its soil and mines; the peril and deliverance of our country in the severe trial to which it was subjected by an extensive and atrocious rebellion.

Fifty years ago, northeastern Pennsylvania was secluded from ready communication with the markets of the world. The valley made by the Lackawanna and Susquehanna rivers, above and below their confluence, was an immense storehouse of anthracite coal. Little use was made of it at home, and there was no outlet through which it might be sent forth into the world from deposits in which uncounted ages of time had fastened it. About fifty years ago, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company was constructing its highway of water and iron into the outskirts of these deposits. Then the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Lehigh Valley railroads made paths through more central portions. The New York & Erie railroad laid its iron track along all the northeastern boundaries of our region.

All along the valley, in years before, were found scattered habitations of families, and here and there a small village, hardly entitled to such appellation, except in some specially favored locality. A transformation has taken place. Habitations of a scanty population have been supplanted by villages; the city has spread itself over waste fields, or on the site of the heavy forest; people of divers tongues have crowded in, to make money or to find work;

stores, shops, factories, furnaces, collieries are there; long trains with their black freight are moving day and night; busy men, intent on their work, are passing in every direction, and unseen thousands are toiling in the bowels of the earth. All this is the fruit of human enterprise concentrated in our part of the world, within the time which we hold under review. Of this we speak, not merely because it is among the noteworthy occurrences of our day. It materially affects the condition of all people dwelling in the valleys and hills of this region.

Within your own township of Harford, in fields which the toil of your fathers rescued from the wilderness, the last fifty years have witnessed no changes or events which could be counted as marvellous. No city has started up. In your rocks have been discovered no lodes of silver, nor under them reservoirs of oil. Within your hearing is the rumbling of long and frequent trains, which distribute to remote places the coal treasures of northeastern Pennsylvania. But in your fields, there are no shafts which go down to the wonderful deposits. These are on the other side of yonder hills. And there, just out of your sight, people gather from every quarter, and human industry constructs its cities, and the appliances of its enterprises. To a great extent, the changes here have been such as, under the methods of God's providence and grace, may be expected anywhere.

Yet changes and advances there have been here, many of them a reward of the toil of an industrious and intelligent population. Wider acres have been opened to labor and sunshine. Rough places have been made smooth. Hillsides and valleys have been made green, and covered with herds. With machinery unknown to your fathers you reap your fields. Improved tools help to make more

abundant, useful and beauteous the work issuing from shop and factory. The product of your labor is not compelled to seek an outlet to market over long and heavy roads on the farm wagon. The railway is nigh you, on every side, to distribute to any part of the world; and to bring hither what is called for in the necessities and comforts of life. The sewing machine has become a welcome inmate of your family, making lighter the mother's toils. Your dwelling has more pleasant surroundings, and within it a more complete adaptation to domestic comfort and needful occupations. Your barns furnish more wisely constructed shelter for the products of your fields, and for your flocks and herds. Some of the means which now contribute to your prosperity and comfort were not only not possessed here fifty years ago, but they were then unknown to the world. We avail ourselves of advantages coming from wonderful improvements and inventions, which at that time were not in possession of the family of man.

Of the 127 names on the roll of the church in 1828, eight remain: C. Coy Richardson, Seth W. Thacher, Rebecca Thacher, Sarah S. Richardson, Nancy Oakley, Hannah Jackson, Phebe Carpenter, Alvira Reed. Those who worshipped God in this house; the choir who led in the songs of the sanctuary; the communicants who sat at the Lord's table; those whose presence and help was in the prayer meeting; the workers of the Sabbath School; the men on whose pecuniary contributions the maintenance of our gospel institutions depended,—these have passed away, except a small remnant. The responsibilities of sustaining and carrying forward the work have been left in the hands of their children and children's children, with others not born among us, but called of God to the same heritage.

Before the commencement of my ministry, changes in the inhabitants of Harford were mainly from the growth of families, removals by death, with occasional additions from abroad. Not long afterwards we began to feel the effects of a tide of restlessness and adventure which swept over our country, and under which old and well established congregations have, in some places, suffered injury. The living have taken themselves away, singly and in companies. Our young men have gone, because the place was too strait for them. Our young women went, because they were wanted elsewhere. Rich men have gone, to spend money, or to make more, in other fields. We have raised up for other places, farmers, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, ministers, legislators and judges. Schools have found teachers; the college its Professor; the higher seminaries for young ladies their founder or principal. A populous State has been furnished with its Governor. From a treasury not large we have distributed to the north, east, south and west; we have given men and women whose influence for good has been felt in churches and communities. To some extent, at least, we have been living and working for other parts of our country.

Our cemetery has been filling till the number of tombstones astonishes us. On nearly all its monuments and white marble are dates which fall within the fifty years of my ministry here. A large number, once my hearers, have laid themselves down close by our sanctuary, to sleep that sleep which knows no waking in time. There the former Pastor of this church, amidst numbers of his flock, awaits the resurrection of the last day. Thither we have borne the mortal remains of Rev. Lyman Richardson and Rev. Edward Allen, venerable and useful ministers

of the Presbyterian church,—our fellow worshippers in this house in their last years. There rest your parents, who died in faith. Thither we carried children, over whose early departure you sorrowed and yet had hope. There we laid down those who once were pillars in the church,—some of them in the meridian of human life. We have been called to carry thither young men and women, who stood on the threshold of life with much promise of usefulness in the church of our Redeemer.

In all this our Divine Lord has not failed to be faithful and gracious. When some have fallen, others have been raised up. Some who were afar off have been brought nigh, by his grace, and made one with us. To some he has given increase in qualifications for usefulness, and in disposition which heartily seeks to fill vacancies which brought us sorrow and fears.

Of these things we make record, "That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God."

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

Thursday, October 3d, 1878, came, a delightful day, and in every respect favorable to the commemorative gathering for which preparation had been made. During several preceding days, one and another of former residents of Harford came to revisit the home of their earlier years, and participate in the services of a joyous day. As the hour for the morning services approached, numerous carriages on roads converging in the village furnished evidence of the interest in the occasion felt by the people of the place and neighboring towns.

The church was decorated with evergreens and flowers. On the wall back of the pulpit, in arched arrangement, were words from 1 Samuel, 7: 10, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Above it, on one side, were the figures 1828, on the other, 1878.

The services were commenced by the choir singing the anthem "The Lord is in his holy temple." The Scriptures in the 132d Psalm were read by Rev. John S. Stewart, D. D., of Towanda. Watts' version of the 87th Psalm was sung by the choir, "Let children hear the mighty deeds." Prayer was offered by Rev. Jacob G. Miller, of Montrose. The 87th Psalm, "Fixed on the sacred hills," was sung. Rev. William S. Tyler, D. D.,

Williston Professor of Greek in Amherst College, delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion, and of great interest to the large assembly. The choir sang the 87th Psalm, "God in his earthly temple lays." The congregation were invited to repair to the "Grangers' Hall," during the recess, and partake of a plentiful collation provided by the ladies.

The choir commenced the afternoon exercises by singing the anthem "Sing ye Jehovah's praises." Judge Henry W. Williams, of Tioga county, formerly a member of the Sabbath school and church in Harford, was called to preside. The Pastor of the congregation stated that on the preceding Sabbath he had preached a historical discourse, giving a somewhat minute and full account of past events; that he deemed it unadvisable to repeat any such account here, at this time. After speaking briefly of some incidents relating to the commencement and progress of his ministry in this place, the hours of the afternoon were given to addresses by persons who, in former times, were of us, and others from abroad who have come to be with us.

Miss Sarah Jones recited a poem, composed by her for the occasion. Addresses were then made by the following persons: Judge Henry W. Williams of Tioga county; Rev. Henry H. Welles of Kingston, Pa.; Rev. Nathan G. Parks of Pittston, Pa.; Rev. Joseph R. Page, D. D., of Brighton, N. Y.; Rev. Anson Smyth, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. David Torrey, D. D., of Cazenovia, N. Y.; Judge Paul D. Morrow of Towanda, Pa.; Professor Edward G. Tyler, of Canandaigua, N. Y.; and Judge William H. Jessup of Montrose, Pa. Rev. H. H. Welles spoke in behalf of a committee of the Presbytery of Lackawanna, appointed to attend the celebration and convey

the congratulations of the Presbytery. The committee consisted of Rev. W. P. White, Rev. H. H. Welles. Rev. J. G. Miller. Rev. N. G. Parks, and Rev. J. S. Stewart, D. D. Rev. N. G. Parks, speaking in behalf of the committee, presented to Mr. Miller a valuable copy of the "Teacher's Bible," as an expression of their brotherly regard.

The committee of the congregation had also received letters from persons, who by birth or marriage are connected with the families of Harford. As many of these letters were read as time permitted.

The gathering shades of evening constrained the assembly to close the deeply interesting exercises of the occasion.

Mr. H. M. Jones moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, with request of copies of their addresses for publication. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. S. Stewart, D. D., and the assembly was dismissed.

ADDRESS.

BY PROFESSOR TYLER.

Centennial celebrations of the birthday of the nation, and of the battles and other leading events of the Revolution, have been occurring with great frequency the last three or four years. And they have been very useful in quickening the patriotism of the people, in reviving the memory of the heroic virtues and sacrifices of their sires, and in perpetuating the early history of the country by public addresses, by articles in newspapers and magazines, and by the collection of relics and memorials of olden times. Towns, especially in New England, where the town, far more than the county and scarcely less than the State itself, is the civil and political unit,—where all the voters meet in a body to discuss and transact the business of the town, and the "town meeting" is the very ideal of a pure democracy,—towns in New England seldom suffer the centennial anniversary of their settlement, or their incorporation, to pass without due celebration. And you will permit me to remind you that the first settlers of Harford were from old Massachusetts, and that 1890 will be the hundredth anniversary of their arrival and settlement here, and it was only seven years after this first settlement that a township was marked off with

suitable boundaries, although it was not till eleven years later still that, in 1708, township privileges were fully and finally granted, and the town was called Harford. It is not likely that I shall live to see, still less to celebrate, either of these anniversaries.

Churches, both local and denominational, have not unfrequently celebrated the twenty-fifth or fiftieth, as well as the hundredth anniversary of their organization, and made it the occasion not only of reviewing their past history, but of gathering up the scattered memorials of it and preserving it in printed form for the benefit of future generations. 1900 will be the centennial anniversary of the organization of this church; who of us will then be alive to celebrate it?

Academies, colleges and other seminaries are fond of century, half-century, sometimes even quarter-century celebrations, which bring together the alumni in delightful reunions, and give occasion for putting on record the history of classes and of the institution itself. It is now just about fifty years since Preston Richardson opened the classical school which, eight years later, was incorporated as Franklin Academy, and was afterwards known by the name of Harford University. So that this year commemorates not only the settlement of Mr. Miller as the pastor of this church, but the founding by Mr. Richardson of the institution of learning which has conferred so much honor on the town, and such rich blessings on this section of the State. Alas, that the teacher of this school is not with us to-day, as well as the pastor of the church, to receive our homage and to unite with us in thanksgiving to the God and giver of all our mercies.

There is almost a passion in our day for wedding anniversaries. We have our wood weddings, (*wooden* I think

they ought to be called), and our tin weddings; our crystal weddings; our silver weddings, and our golden weddings. Once, and only once within the sphere of my own acquaintance, have I known of a diamond wedding; and then both the parties died almost immediately after they had celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The hundredth anniversary of a wedding has never been celebrated,—certainly not since the time of the antediluvian patriarchs, perhaps not then, for people were not married then till they were a hundred years old, more or less, and a hundred years must have been a small affair, when they lived a thousand: nor is such an anniversary *likely* to be celebrated in coming time, at least before the millennium.

We are here to-day to celebrate a golden wedding,—to commemorate the union, fifty years ago, not of a husband and wife, but of a pastor and his people. Such commemorations were not unfrequent in olden times, when ministers were settled for life, and the pastoral relation, like that of husband and wife, could be dissolved only by death, or possibly by divorce, and divorce, either of wives or ministers, was not then so easily granted as it now is. But these occasions have been growing less and less frequent, till now they are very rare, not to say quite obsolete. I have never in my life attended but one,—that of Father Williston of Easthampton, who, by the way, was the brother-in-law of Father Kingsbury, the first pastor of this church—and *he* was not pastor of the church at the time he delivered his semi-centennial address. At present I do not know of a single minister in Massachusetts.—I do not know of one in all New England,—I do not know of one anywhere, Mr. Miller only excepted, who is the sole and still the active pastor of the same

church over which he was settled fifty years ago. There are just three ministers in Hampshire county, Mass., who have been pastors of the same church *twenty-five* years, or a little more; and they have celebrated with great parade the twenty-fifth anniversary of their settlement. I doubt if there are as many as that in each of the other counties of Old Massachusetts.

If a wealthy and strong church in a city, and an admired and popular preacher had been the parties, the long pastorate would not have been so strange. But in our common country churches, where the pastor is very apt to think, perhaps with good reason, and not without bitter experience, that the salary is so small that he cannot live on it, while the people think it is so large that they cannot afford to pay it, and where a single parishioner, especially if he is a pretty good supporter, can dismiss a minister if he will only keep trying and fighting—I say, in our country churches dismissions are so frequent that I have often thought we should have no more changes, and we should have *less* friction, if we should adopt the Methodist system and make it a rule that churches should change ministers, as in some heathen tribes husbands change their wives, all round once in two or three years. What makes this case the more remarkable, the pastor and the people belong to different denominations, a circumstance which has caused many a quarrel between husband and wife, and would have caused alienation and separation many times in the course of fifty years between any other minister and any other people within the range of my acquaintance. The minister is a Presbyterian, and the church is Congregational. And if it is *because* they are of different denominations, that they have lived together so happily for half a century, I hope

more Congregational churches will get Presbyterian ministers, and other Presbyterian ministers might better seek Congregational churches. If, on the other hand, it is in *spite* of this, then it only makes the demonstration the more complete, that the Harford minister is a very remarkable man, and the Harford church a very remarkable people.* On either supposition we have good reason for celebrating so rare and so remarkable an anniversary.

It takes a wise pastor and a wise people *both*, to make such a long pastorate. Which of the two parties is deserving of the higher praise, is a question which it is neither easy nor important to answer. The same question has been sometimes asked in regard to a husband and wife who have lived a long and happy life together. The Roman historian, Tacitus, says that the higher praise belongs to the good *wife*, by as much as the greater blame usually attaches to a *bad* one. On the same principle, the chief honor of a long and happy pastorate belongs to the pastor, by as much as he usually has to bear the chief blame of a short and unhappy one. But in none of these cases can the good or ill desert be accurately apportioned between the parties. It belongs to both as a kind of common property, undivided and indivisible. Certainly the angel Gabriel could not live fifty years with *some* churches; and no church could keep some ministers half a century, though its members were all saints, and its deacons united the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job with the wisdom of Solomon. I should

*In proof of this I may be permitted to mention in a note (what I did not know when the text was written), the punctilious honor, nay, rather the grateful and tender love with which the people have paid every dollar due the pastor, up to the very day of the semi-centennial, and the remarkable patience, prudence and mutual forbearance with which pastor and people have from time to time discussed and decided the complex and difficult question of the denomination of the church and its ecclesiastical connections.

not like to compare even Mr. Miller with the angel Gabriel, nor his deacons with Moses, or Job, or Solomon. But when I remember how many occasions for difference of views and feelings are constantly arising in the pastoral relation, and how very many such there must have been here in the course of the last fifty years, I cannot help thinking that the Harford church must have possessed an almost saintly measure of the meekness of wisdom, and the Harford minister must have been characterized by almost superhuman, not to say angelic sweetness and goodness, or they could hardly have lived so harmoniously and happily together for half a century.

I believe in long pastorates. They are economical, and they are usually fruitful of the best results. What an immense amount of time and toil and trouble have this people saved in getting rid of old pastors and hunting up new ones, by keeping one minister for fifty years; how much strife and contention have they thus escaped, and division too, in all probability, to say nothing of every evil work, and evil way, and evil spirit, that strife is so apt to generate. I do not know how it is with churches in this vicinity, but I do know that churches in Massachusetts that are all the while settling and dismissing ministers are always in hot water, and every dismission usually makes it hotter by adding new fuel to the fire. The peace and quietness of this church have been undisturbed for half a century. Of how many other churches in this vicinity can that be said? At the same time, where is the church that has enjoyed a greater measure of spiritual prosperity, or borne more of the fruits of the Gospel and the spirit? Where is the minister who has been more useful, who has impressed himself so much on the character of his people, so incorporated himself into

their history and experience, so infused himself into their spirit and life, who has become so fully and so great a part of their very selves? What family is there in the whole town that is not the happier: what individual is there that is not, directly or indirectly, the wiser, the better, the richer for Mr. Miller's ministry? What church or church member is there in this whole section that has not been instructed by his life and enriched by his influence? What pastor in the whole Presbytery for the last fifty years to whom he has not been a father, or a friend that sticketh closer than a brother?

There are some trees that would be unfruitful in any soil or under any circumstances; and there are some trees naturally fruit-bearing that are planted in so hard a soil and so impoverished and robbed of the care and support and nourishment they need, that they can bear very little fruit, though they remain ever so long in their place. But put the best tree in the best soil, and tear it up by the roots every year or two, or transplant it as lovingly and carefully as you will, it cannot bear much fruit.

Well therefore may this people and their pastor rejoice together, and well may we rejoice with them in the distinguishing goodness of God to them, and thank him for the wisdom, and the grace, and the blessing, which has made their history so remarkable. They have set a rare example of stability and steadfastness, of mutual respect and consideration, of contentment and reverence for wisdom and experience,—an example almost without a precedent or a parallel in this fast, changeful, disrespectful and irreverent age. And for myself I am both thankful and proud that the place in which this example has been set is my own native town, and the church is that in which my own name was first enrolled as a disciple of Christ.

Mr. Miller has already reviewed the history of the church during the half-century of his pastoral care, and no one else would think of going over that ground after him. Will you indulge me in some rambling recollections of the place and the people as they were in my childhood and youth, long before most of you were born. But let me first advert briefly to the great changes that have come over the country, the church and the world,—every body and everything everywhere during the last half-century.

Fifty years ago France was Bourbon, Germany and Italy were largely Austrian, and Europe was under the despotic dominion of the miscalled Holy Alliance. Now France is a Republic, Germany is Prussian and Protestant, Italy is united and free, and all Europe is advancing with rapid strides towards a government, republican, not perhaps in form, but in spirit; a government of and for if not by the people. Fifty years ago the larger part of Asia and Africa were inaccessible to European and Christian influences. Now the world is all open to Christian civilization and Christian missions. Half a century ago American slavery was just beginning its encroachments on freedom, and demanding as the price of union and peace the subjection of the national government to its control, the opening of all the territories to its occupation, and the conquest of all the neighboring countries and islands for its expansion and perpetuation. Now slavery is abolished in the United States, and doomed to speedy extinction throughout the world. Half a century ago the population of the United States was less than twelve millions,—now it is scarcely less than forty-five millions: then there were twenty-four states,—now there are thirty-eight. Fifty years ago the population of New

York City was considerably less than two hundred thousand,—now it is considerably more than a million. The population of Philadelphia was one hundred and fifty thousand then,—now it is nine hundred thousand; then only one-seventeenth of the population lived in cities,—now fully one-fifth live in cities, and the country in general is so closely connected with the city as to be greatly assimilated to it. Fifty years ago there were no railroads for carrying passengers, no ocean steamships, no petroleum, and almost no gas-lights or use of anthracite coal. The only railroads in America, fifty years ago, were two short gravity roads,—the one for carrying granite, at Quincy, Mass., the other for transporting coal, at Mauch Chunk, Penn.; the former built in 1826, the latter in 1827; and it was in 1828, just fifty years ago, that the Liverpool & Manchester railway was chartered, in England, and that almost exclusively for the transportation of merchandise. The American Home Missionary Society and the American Temperance Society originated in 1826, and Temperance, Home and Foreign Missions, and revivals of religion, especially as promoted by protracted meetings, all received a new impulse about the same time that Mr. Miller entered upon his ministry, and from that time went on, conquering and to conquer. It has been a half-century not only of change, but of improvement and progress.

As I look back upon the Harford of my early days, no feature recurs to my memory with more vividness than its newness, roughness and wildness as it then was. I can hardly realize it, but it is a fact that in 1810, the date of my birth, only twenty years had elapsed since the first settlement of the town by the "nine partners." And through all my childhood and early youth the "clearings"

were comparatively small, the fields were for the most part full of stumps, and the houses and barns were generally small and poor, unpainted, possibly painted red, frequently built of logs, while all around spread the otherwise unbroken and almost unbounded forest of those gigantic hemlock, beech and maple, specimens of which still remain to astonish strangers, and filled with deer, bears and wolves, of which not a few of the inhabitants were mighty hunters. I have myself seen deer shot in the old "corner meadow," where the woods at that time came down on two sides almost to the borders of the present village: and I remember counting fourteen wolves running in succession, almost in a line, across my father's farm, just above the barn, in broad day-light, one morning shortly after breakfast,—my impression was that *they* had *not* breakfasted, and would be quite willing to make a breakfast of us children. Of course they sometimes made the night hideous with their howlings, and not unfrequently preyed upon the farmers' flocks. Once or twice I remember turning out with the neighbors and the whole population of this and some of the neighboring towns, for a wolf-hunt, in which we surrounded a wide extent of forest, drove the wolves and other wild animals into the centre, shot them, and then brought them in as trophies, when those who were so fortunate as to have killed a wolf, were not only rewarded with the bounty offered by the state, but honored by the assembled multitude as the heroes of the chase. At the same time the lakes and ponds were full of fish, and the brooks which, by the way, were many times larger than they now are, were alive with trout that would have delighted the eye of the professional angler, while at the same time they were so easily caught that land-lubbers like myself sometimes

brought home long strings, and among them large and dazzling specimens of this most gamesome and toothsome of all the inhabitants of our fresh waters. As I shall take occasion to name several of my early friends in this discourse, I ought to say in this connection, that Augusta Sophia, the colored boy, brought on horseback all the way from Philadelphia, by my grandfather, and brought up from childhood in my father's house, who, with the exception of my family connections, was perhaps the most loving and faithful friend I ever had, and whom you all know as one of the fathers, not to say one of the institutions of Harford, had a passion for fishing. In our boyhood he could catch two fishes to my one every time. As he grew older, he seemed to have a kind of understanding and intimacy with the denizens of the lake or the brook, and when he died at the age of threescore years and ten, you might well have inscribed upon his tombstone: Here lies the Izaak Walton of this town.

I well remember when there were only three or four dwelling houses within the limits of the present village, and those were so far apart that when the fire went out on the hearth over night, as it sometimes would with all our care to keep it, and in the absence of matches, we were obliged to go to the neighbors to replenish it in the morning, it seemed half a day's journey for my little feet to the house of our nearest neighbor.

Shall I describe to you one of these houses,—that in which my own eyes first saw the light? It was the first framed house erected in the town, and is the same which Mr. Jones now uses as a farm-house or dairy-house. Four principal rooms occupied the ground floor. The largest and the one most used served the purpose at once of kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room, aye, and sleeping-

21995

room too, sometimes, when in our reluctance to go early to bed, we children fell asleep of an evening on the hard, uncarpeted but clean, white, well-washed and well-scoured ash floor. Many and many a time, too, have I seen this same room filled with benches, packed full of people, and used as a place for religious meetings, and heard it resound with the voice of social as well as domestic prayer and praise. With the exception of a small closet or buttery at one corner, the whole north side of this room was taken up with a vast oven, which did all the baking for the family, and might have done it for half a dozen families, and an enormous fire-place, which could take in a whole wood-pile or log-heap, set on fire, and even then, in a cold winter night, seemed to ventilate rather than sufficed to warm the room,—certainly one side of those who gathered about the fire was *thoroughly* ventilated, while the other side was *as* thoroughly warmed, and still a space was left in either corner of the fire-place where we children could sit or stand, and look up through an immense stone chimney and see the sky, or gaze at the stars or the clouds. My most vivid and grateful association with the oven is the roast turkey, and chicken pie, and plum pudding, and countless other good things which we always found hot and steaming awaiting our return from the church for our thanksgiving dinner. I am sorry to say I have not an equally fresh recollection of the thanksgiving prayer, the sermon, and the other good things in the old meeting-house, that preceded the dinner. And among the freshest and brightest memories of the fire-place and fire-side, if I must tell the truth, are the pecks, not to say bushels of roasted potatoes which I used to see raked out of the ashes under the huge iron andirons, and the great bowl of apples, and

mug or pitcher of cider, (it does not seem to me that it was *hard* cider,—certainly, it has a very *soft* place in my memory) which always stood on the hearth of a winter's evening, to welcome our neighbors as well as to enliven our own family circle. Time would fail me to speak of the furniture of the room,—of the great pine cupboard, (sideboard, pantry and dining-room closet, all in one),—the tall, old-fashioned standing clock,—and most unique and wonderful of all, the numerous shelves all over the ceiling, where, in winter especially, pans of milk, and pumpkin pies, and twisted doughnuts, and other good things more useful and agreeable than ornamental, were stowed away in inexhaustible abundance.

On one side of this principal room opened the bedroom where, through our early childhood, parents and children all slept together,—the parents in an old-fashioned high bedstead, and the children in a broad trundle-bed, which was rolled out of the way in the daytime, and at night drawn out from underneath it. On the other side of the kitchen opened what would now be called the spare room, but which we always called "the school room," because the first use to which it was put was a school for the children of the neighborhood, and which always maintained more or less of this double, not to say doubtful aspect, since, while in one corner of it stood a high-post bedstead, with curtains, in another stood a large, high cherry desk, in the upper part of which were several shelves of books of solid worth, the library of the family, and the lower part was a bureau, containing a chest of drawers and a secretary, in which my father kept his papers and at which he transacted most of his official business as justice of the peace.

The remaining room in the house was the parlor, which was distinguished above the other rooms chiefly by a painted floor, more elaborate ceilings, and a more tasteful though still simple and inexpensive style of furniture. In all our early days there was not a *carpeted* floor nor a *plastered* wall in the whole house.

The second story, if story it can be called, was a mere attic or garret, with the roof coming down entirely to the floor, divided, however, by rough partitions into three sleeping-rooms, in one of which we boys slept as we grew older, lulled by the pattering rain, or perchance startled and alarmed by the howling and beating storms on the roof directly over our heads.

The front door of the house opened directly into the street, which, however, broadened into a kind of door-yard, unenclosed, or partly enclosed between the house and the road on two sides, and on the other two by a high Virginia fence which curved, not ungracefully, from the road to the corners of the house; and nothing perhaps illustrates more strikingly the simplicity of Harford life in those olden times, than the fact that for many years the cows used to be milked every night and morning in that door-yard before the front door, and not a member of the family was too good or too great to take part in the milking. I must not fail to mention another characteristic feature, the old horse-block, a section of an immense pine tree, from which father and mother and an indefinite number of children used to mount together upon the back of Old White, when there was not as yet a one-horse carriage in the whole town of Harford. The same useful and noble animal (to illustrate farther the simplicity of the age and place, and at the same time do honor to a most faithful friend and servant), carried me

all the way to college, in midwinter, with books and clothing, bed and bedding all packed away into a light cutter, my father and myself thus setting out from home long before daylight Monday morning, travelling all the week, and reaching Amherst Saturday noon. All the cloth that I wore in college was homespun, made from the wool of sheep raised on the farm, spun in the house, and for the most part by my mother's own hands, woven in a hand-loom, and dyed and dressed in Harford. The great want of the place in those days was a good tailor, the only coats made in Harford in my college days which were sure to *fit*, and which we could not very well help putting on, were furnished, not exactly to order, but ready made, by Mr. Miller from the pulpit. *His* coats were always sure to fit, and yet, when once cheerfully put on, they never hurt in the wearing; *he* was a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

I need not stay to tell you how the old house was gradually enlarged in its dimensions, and improved in its furniture and accommodations, and at length, not however till most of us boys had gone to college, it gave way to the mansion which now occupies its place, but which, as well as the old farm, I am happy to say, the present occupant has greatly improved and adorned. But small, rude, contracted and inconvenient as the old house was, there was never a time when it was not the abode of health, comfort and contentment; the voice of prayer, and the voice of God in the reading of the scriptures was heard there every morning and every evening; mental, moral and spiritual culture went hand in hand; the amenities and refinements of social life were not neglected; they were never forgetful to entertain strangers, and thereby not unfrequently entertained angels unawares.

Gladly, did the time and place permit, would I enter more into details. Gladly, if it were proper, and if I could, would I portray to you those parents who were the light and life of our home. What they were to the town and the church, to the neighboring towns and the neighboring churches, Mr. Miller can tell you better than I can; nay, Miss Blackman has told in her history of Susquehanna County, and many of you know by hearsay, if not from personal recollection. But what they were to their children,—how they taught us by precept and by example from our earliest childhood those things which it is most important for children to learn; with what painstaking and personal sacrifice, and expense to the extent of their means, if not even beyond their ability, they provided for our education, so far as possible by good schools at home, and then by the best schools and the ablest teachers that Northern Pennsylvania and Western New York at that time furnished; how earnestly they sought first of all and most of all that we should understand what is the chief end of man, and know the law of God and be living epistles of Christ; and how they not only *permitted* all their sons to leave the old homestead, but stirred up the nest and gently constrained us to fly, as the eagle stirreth up her young, and as the God of Israel led and trained his chosen people; and how they followed us with their prayers and benedictions through the college, through the professional school, and in the work of life,— all these are written, and can be written only in the memory of our hearts. I cannot say that we never felt that there was an excess of parental authority, of Puritanical strictness, of unbending, old-fashioned rigidity. But we knew that if it was ever excessive, it was the excess of a good thing. We never doubted that the severity, mingled with goodness, of

the earthly father, like that of the Heavenly, was the offspring of love. And then how beautifully was it smoothed and softened, and at the same time seconded and enforced by the wisdom and tenderness of a mother, in whose form and face beauty and goodness were enshrined together, while intellect and intelligence sat enthroned on her brow; whose voice was music, whether heard in the service of song in the sanctuary, or in the dull and often laborious routine of every-day life, and whose heart longed for the happiness, as it also craved the love of neighbors and acquaintances, of every human being scarcely less than of her own husband and children. Pardon the egotism and apparent extravagance of this picture of my early home. My judgment as well as my heart tells me it is *not* extravagant. It is not even egotistical. For as in the description of the old homestead I have only given you a specimen of Harford homes, in those early days; so in my parents I have only set before you an illustration of the virtues and graces by which those Harford homes that I knew best were adorned.

The old house hardly looks to my eyes now a quarter as large as in my remembrance it seems to have been then. That is an experience which we all meet with when we revisit the home of our childhood after many years' absence,— the houses have grown smaller, the roads have grown shorter as we and our friends have grown older, larger and, as we flatter ourselves, wiser; magnitudes and distances generally have dwindled till they look surprisingly small. And yet, friends and townsmen, I am obliged to say that the *hills* of Susquehanna County are just as steep, and the hemlocks and maples of the Beech Woods are just as gigantic in my eyes now, as they were in my boyhood, and a great deal

more grand. They used to look formidable, and forbidding, — now they look beautiful, and sublime, and the people of my native place, like their forests and mountains, never looked so lofty, so beautiful, so grand as they do to-day, under the lights and shadows of the last fifty years, and in the reflected light of the events which we are now celebrating.

As I look back upon the growth and progress of the place, I am reminded especially of three things: the roads, the meeting-houses, and the schools. The first settlers of this town entered it, as we all know, with ox teams, by a road merely cut, and not worked, through the almost unbroken wilderness, which then extended from the Delaware to the Susquehanna river, taking about as many weeks as it would now take hours to make the journey. Many a mile of just such roads have I traveled here in ox-carts even more rude than the ox-wagons of the first settlers, and I have watched with intense interest all the changes from such ways and means of conveyance to passable roads built by tax payers, from public highways to turnpikes, from turnpikes to plank roads, and from plank roads to railways. But none of them have so excited my imagination as the turnpike; no one of them, not even the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, has ever seemed such a prodigious stride in the progress of the town as the Philadelphia & Great Bend Turnpike! Children of a *larger* growth also expected, it would work wonders in increasing the population and wealth of the town; and my father, whose public spirit always exceeded his means as well as the possibilities of the situation, made himself responsible for building miles of that turnpike, as he afterwards took a large amount of poor stock in the plank road to the Montrose depot.

And when, soon after the turnpike was opened, I saw it alive with droves of cattle, sheep and swine extending from one hilltop to another, farther than my eye could reach, on their way to the Philadelphia market, I thought my dreams were going to be fully realized,— the longest train of cattle cars and coal cars that I have ever seen since on the railroad are nothing in comparison.

The first place of holding religious meetings in Harford was the log-house or bark covered cabin of my grandfather, John Tyler, and by the suffrages of the people the owner of the house was appointed to conduct the first services. It was, of course, a "reading meeting," and a lay service,— not lay *preaching*, for that would not have been tolerated in those days, even if the reader had been willing or felt himself competent to preach. The first "meeting-house" stood near the middle of the yard in front of the present church. It was a small, square, substantial, one-story building, with windows set so high in the walls that nobody could look in from without, and no one could see out from within, except from a single row of seats that ran around the walls four or five feet above the floor and constituted a kind of low gallery,— we always called it the singers' seat, and sometimes the singers filled the seats almost entirely around the building, though usually some who were not singers were allowed to occupy the seats most remote from the pulpit. The "desk" — we never called it pulpit,— was a plain square box of jointed but unpainted pine boards, raised about two steps above the floor, at the west end of the house, large enough, I should think, to seat four persons. The singers,— we did not talk of choirs or orchestras in those days,— sat in the gallery or singers' seats, the men-singers on the left of the desk, the women-singers on the

right. At the head of the men-singers, and of course near the desk, the chorister sounded the key-note with a pitch-pipe and started the singing, and the rest followed in those marvelously moving and stirring old fugue tunes in which it always seemed to me that the one who came out first was the best fellow. Upon the floor the deacons and elderly men occupied seats of honor around a little square on the left of the desk, the elderly women a similar space on the right.

With equal care the men and the women were seated apart, on opposite sides, throughout the house; but, with a partiality and a gallantry for which I have always honored and admired them, the women were seated on the right hand of the desk and the men on the left, and the women had backs to their seats while the men sat on hard benches, two-inch planks, if I remember right, without any backs; and the boys, poor fellows, sat on these same hard, high benches with their bare feet dangling half a foot above the floor, and yet, if they did not sit still all day long, *some* of them suffered for it when they got home after meeting. No wonder that we used to like ministers and deacons, (for we had deacons' meetings six months of every year), just in proportion to the shortness of their prayers and sermons, with very little regard to any other qualities in themselves or their performances. Many a time did I thank my stars when, on coming to the meeting, I found that Deacon Caleb Richardson was in the desk. Deacon Moses Thacher was a very good man, but he did not possess in equal measure the grace of brevity. And I carried the same distinction through the whole list of church-members,—chiefly elderly men, whom the deacons used to call upon to offer what, I thought, was very appropriately called "the long prayer."

Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, the only minister whom I associate with that desk, the only pastor I ever had in Harford, who was settled the very year I was born, and dismissed only a year or two before I went to college, I always think of, not as the greatest, or most learned, or eloquent, but as one of the best, kindest, gentlest and most saintly men that I have ever known. I can see him now, just as I used to see him every Sunday in my boyhood, walking past my father's house long before any one else came to meeting, (for he always *walked*, though he lived a full mile from the meeting-house, and was always there a full half-hour before the service began). He wore a black silk robe or minister's gown, and always had in his hand when he passed our house, and when he preached, —it seems now as though he *always held it in his hand*— the little black morocco-bound Bible, out of which he read the scriptures for the day and in which was carefully placed the two-leaved manuscript on which were written all the notes he ever used in preaching. Dear old man, —it seems to me as if he was *always* old,—I can never think of him as jesting, or laughing, hardly as sinning, or even changing,—he always seems to me the same unchangeable impersonation of real goodness.

When the erection of the present church—meeting-house they called it then—was commenced, the old one was removed across the street, and, after being used as a place of worship there for a time, it was sold and incorporated with the house in which Mr. Kingsbury lived in his old age and in which he died; of which it still forms a part (the wing), and where it remains as a memorial of the piety of our fathers.

We come now to the present church edifice. I well remember when it was raised. And how shall I describe

to you the feelings with which I then contemplated it? It was the BIGGEST house my eyes had ever seen, and the biggest "raising" Harford had ever witnessed; for our fathers, as you know, generally put timber enough into their houses to build half a dozen modern edifices of the same dimensions, and got people enough together for a "raising" to make a company, not to say a regiment, of soldiers, and drank whiskey enough to drown the senses, if not the souls and bodies, of some of them, and carry them "half seas over;" and when, after the new meeting-house was raised, I climbed to the top of the frame and stood erect on the highest timber of the steeple—I was about twelve years old at the time—it was with a feeling of greater satisfaction with the structure and with myself than when, in later years, I stood in the ball over the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, or on the summit of the great pyramid in Egypt. The interior of the house remained unfinished several years. It was, however, provided with extemporized benches, or boards, and thus used for a short time as a place of worship. And I remember just two things in regard to the service in that unfinished meeting-house. I remember helping Ely Kingsbury and one or two others make a very imperfect tenor, a very *bad* tenor I am sure my part of it was, for the choir in the gallery; and I remember hearing a son of thunder, Rev. Mr. Crane from Kentucky, preach the terrors of the law in a voice that sounded like a reverberation from Sinai itself, and seemed like an anticipation, Mr. Beecher would call it a *slice*, of the day of judgment; and when some of his hearers could not or would not refrain from laughing, I remember hearing him say to them, they were bound to perdition, for he saw the devil already frisking in their faces. Mr. Crane was a missionary sent

by the Missionary Society of New Jersey to labor temporarily in this section. The people here were captivated by his talents and eloquence, and would have given him a call if he had held out any encouragement that he would accept it. If he had been settled here instead of Mr. Miller, I suspect we should never have seen a semi-centennial celebration.

The history of this church edifice since its completion, and of the church and congregation itself, is better known to you than it is to me, and Mr. Miller has given it in his half-century sermon.

Next to the church, no part of the history of Harford is so interesting to me as that of its schools. The first school that I *know* anything of was kept by a Mr. Herrick in my father's house, and in remembrance of it, the room in which it was kept was ever after called "the school room." The first school which I ever attended was a very small school for very small children, kept by Miss Sarah Fisher, who was brought up as a sort of daughter in the family of Uncle Obadiah Thacher,—all the older people were uncles and aunts then to all the children and youth. But I have no recollection of the school, and know nothing of it beyond what was told me by my parents. The first teacher whom I remember, (if I may be allowed to follow the example of the old Greek philosopher, Plato, in naming some of my teachers), was Miss Mary Kingsbury, (now Mrs. Jabez Tyler), who taught in the old meeting-house, which for years did double duty as a place of worship on the Sabbath and a school-house week days, besides being the place where the children were sometimes catechised by Mr. Kingsbury on Saturday. Miss Kingsbury seemed to me then as she has seemed ever since, to be a living embodiment

of wisdom and goodness. And yet, misled by a falsehood told by one of my schoolmates, she,—good woman that she was, for I know it almost broke her heart to do it.—gave me the only feruling, the only flogging of any kind, that I ever had in school; and I avenged myself by splitting the ferule the next morning on the old stone door steps, and the fragments even were never again seen or heard of. From her hands, too, I received at the close of the school the *reward*, which gave me as much pleasure perhaps as any honors I have ever received in all my subsequent life. It was for committing to memory and repeating the twelfth chapter of Romans—a chapter that has ever since had to me a familiarity and a charm which scarcely belongs to any other part of holy writ. The reward was simply a sheet of pure white paper, but it was no more simple than the sprig of parsley or twig of the maritime pine with which the victor in the old Grecian games was crowned, and it was of *more* intrinsic value and quite as expressive a symbol of what education may do for the youthful mind. No words can tell how much satisfaction it gives me to see here to-day this teacher of my early boyhood, still able to ride over from "Mount Ararat," (for so we always called it, and it well deserves the name), and still in the possession of all her mental faculties.

Next in the list of the teachers of my childhood, I recall with much pleasure and high honor the name of Miss Nancy Sweet, which suggests the fact that it was the high privilege of Harford children in those days to have the most cultivated and refined young ladies from the best families for their teachers. And here let me pause a moment and say further, that it seems to me, there was in Harford at this time an unusually large number, for a

small place, of some of the noblest women that I have ever known,—the wives and daughters of the first settlers and the wives and sisters of their sons, remarkable alike for their beauty, their intelligence and their Christian benevolence, queens by divine right, because worthy to reign, as they did reign in society and education, as well as in the homes and hearts of those who loved them. Among these you will pardon me for naming the wife of Deacon John Tyler, my grandmother, and the mother and grandmother of the whole town and the whole section, who justly fills so large a space in Miss Blackman's History of Susquehanna County, and her five daughters, (named Mercy, Mary, Nanny, Polly and Achsah, with a whimsical rhyming answering to the alliteration by which her four sons were named John, Job, Joab and Jabez), of whom three married Carpenters, a fourth married Thomas Sweet, and the fifth married first Rev. Whiting Griswold and then Major Torrey of Bethany, and all of whom became the mothers of an honored posterity. And of the next generation I may be permitted to specify, besides Miss Mary Kingsbury and Miss Nancy Sweet, already mentioned as my teachers, Miss Sarah Thacher, who married John Seymour, both of whom are still living in northern Ohio; Miss Polly Carpenter, who became the wife of Austin Jones and the mother of Hon. Henry M., and of Miss Jones, the poet of the day; both the wives of Rev. Lyman Richardson, of whom the first was the daughter of Thomas Sweet and the other, still living, was the daughter of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury; and last, not least, Mrs. Aaron Greenwood, daughter of Uncle Obadiah Thacher, whom I knew particularly well as the most intimate friend of my mother, and whose numerous and beautiful letters ought to be gathered up and preserved in the archives as a part of the early history of Harford. Nor can I

forget or fail to mention Mrs. Kingsbury, the wife of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, (herself the daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, kinswoman of the Willistons, the Storrses, the Paysons and the Elys of New England), who contributed largely to introduce into Harford the culture, the refinement and the piety which distinguished her honored ancestry and which shone with equal brightness in her own family here, even when the town was little else than a wilderness.

Of course the *men* of those early days were the worthy husbands and brothers, fathers and sons of such women, else the *women* alone could not have made Harford what it has become. But I see in such women as I have described not only the cradles and nurseries of the excellent families that have grown up here, but the most fruitful sources, if not the very fountain-heads, of the church, the schools and the best institutions of the place,—*haec incunabula gentis*.

Were I to come down to a little later period, the names that occur to me and that I should delight to honor, would be too numerous to mention. Not a few of them have engaged more or less in the work of teaching, and the culture and refinement of such noble women have contributed scarcely less than the education and enterprise of our young men to make Harford a kind of normal school that has sent out teachers all over this section of the State.

Among my early gentlemen teachers, I remember with great respect and affection two of the four sons (Williston and Samuel Ely) of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury. At an exhibition at the close of Mr. Williston Kingsbury's school, which exhibition was held in the old meeting-house and was long remembered as the first thing of the kind the

town had ever witnessed; two of the pieces, being rather sensational, are as vivid in my memory as if they had been exhibited last year. In one of these, hence known ever after as "the pistol piece," the oldest scholars in the school appeared on the stage armed with pistols, acting the part of Pallas, Turnus and Aeneas in a drama based on Virgil's Æneid, and deliberately shot each other in the presence of the audience,—an act as undramatic as the weapon with which it was done was unclassical. In the other, in which the story of David and Goliath was dramatised, I am obliged to say that I myself, being selected, as one of the striplings of the school, to act the part of David, while Mr. Kingsbury himself took the part of Goliath, first slew my teacher with a sling and a stone and then, with his own sword, cut off his head and bore it in triumph off the stage. The last copy Mr. Kingsbury ever set in my writing-book is written indelibly on my memory. It was this,—I have repeated it mentally a thousand times since: "When this you see, Remember me. N. W. K." I shall never forget it or him. I was too young to judge of him with critical accuracy as a teacher. But I shall always think of him as one of nature's noblemen, so manly and noble was his form, and such was the true nobility of his mind and character. He died too soon, alas! for his friends and his native place, too young for his usefulness here, but doubtless not too young for his whole work in the immortal hereafter.

A new era was inaugurated in the history of Harford schools when, in 1817, the Centre School House was built in the edge of a beautiful grove of small but thrifty and dense evergreens, fit retreat for the muses and the graces then, though too soon invaded by the march of improvement, alias the Philadelphia and Great Bend turnpike;

and Rev. Lyman Richardson opened in it our first classical school. It was then and there that I began, at the age of seven, the study of Latin, and I delight to honor Mr. Richardson as my first teacher in those ancient languages, to the teaching of which I have devoted the greater part of my life. Several young men of already mature years — Washington Thacher, Tyler Thacher, Preston Richardson, Enos Thacher, and some others — began at the same time and in the same classes their preparation for the ministry; for the school was the offspring and the representative of the religious fervor of the age and the place, not less than of its zeal for education. A succession of boys about my own age and younger,— noble fellows who have made their mark in the world since,— followed and extended the influence, till Harford became the educational center of northern Pennsylvania. The list of distinguished preachers, teachers, State senators and members of Congress, judges and governors educated here, in whole or in part, whom Miss Blackman has enumerated in her History of Susquehanna County, some of whom are here to-day to speak for themselves, would do credit to any institution. "The annual exhibition of Franklin Academy," she adds, "brought together several thousand spectators. The benefits of the institution were within the reach of those of humble means, owing to the accommodation for students to board themselves; and the best yeomanry of the county were here constantly represented. We have but to inscribe the name of RICHARDSON to represent the honored instructors of many youths in Harford, of whom not a few have since been written on the roll of fame,— and better that of usefulness." [History of Susquehanna County, pp. 184, 529.]

Mr. Lyman Richardson had not a college education, and was not himself a thorough classical scholar. He was a self-educated and self-made man. But this does not mean in *his* case that he was not educated at all, nor made at all. He disciplined his own mind by observation, reflection, and the best books within his reach. He was a *live man*, wide awake, intensely in earnest, all on fire from his heart's core to the end of his tongue, and his fingers, and the very hairs of his head with the ardor of his temperament and the fervor of his love to God and man. Full of enthusiasm himself, in the teacher's chair as well as in the pulpit, he was able to inspire his pupils with genuine enthusiasm in their studies. His brother, his son, and his brother-in-law, who succeeded him one after another in his work, all enjoyed better advantages of education, and were supplied with more ample means of instruction; but to *him* belongs the honor of having originated, and *originated well* the series of classical schools which have proved such an ornament and blessing to his native town.

It was under Mr. Preston Richardson, brother of Lyman, that I obtained my immediate and final preparation to enter the Junior class in college. His school was then wholly a private personal affair, and was kept in a small, simply but suitably furnished chamber, or attic, in the house of his father,—the old Richardson house. There were only about half a dozen of us all, and yet he devoted the school hours to us as faithfully as if we had been five or ten times as numerous. We *walked* to and from the village morning and evening, and always had a good time going and coming, in school and out of school. I hardly know which we enjoyed most,—our study of the mathematics and classics with our genial and generous instructor, or clambering over the rocks and

hills, and crossing the fields on our way, and climbing the trees, and picking the berries in the intermission. That was the germ of Franklin Academy and Harford University: such the humble origin of the educational work which has since been done on those classic grounds, now remembered with so much interest and affection by so many in every part of our country. Mr. Preston Richardson was the gentlest and loveliest of men,—as unpretending as he was unselfish and unambitious, but a most faithful and devoted teacher, and a Christian whose simple, childlike faith blossomed and bore fruit in a life of rare purity and beauty. I always think of him as beyond any man of my early acquaintance, resembling the Apostle John. The last time I ever saw him, we were in a boat on the lake by ourselves, sometimes rowing, and sometimes resting,—talking now of pleasant memories in the past, and then of the brighter and better future which he seemed to be nearing, for the disease on his lungs had already put an end to his active labors, and was ripening him for his rest. He repeated with much feeling the then new, but now familiar hymn,

> There is an hour of peaceful rest,
> To mourning wanderers given; etc.,

and with faint and feeble voice he even sung one stanza in a tune to which it had just been set. And as he sung:

> The evening shadows quickly fly,
> And all serene in heaven.

it seemed as if heaven had already begun in his soul. The greater part of his pupils in that little private school have already entered with him into the saints' everlasting rest. Among them I may be permitted to mention the names of John Wadsworth Tyler, the accomplished and enthusiastic Professor of Mathematics and

Natural Philosophy at Cazenovia Seminary, whose sun rose with remarkable brilliancy, but went down almost as soon as it was risen, or, rather, melted away in the light of heaven; and Wellington Hart Tyler, the founder of the Young Ladies' Institute, at Pittsfield, and a pioneer in the higher education of women, whom Dr. Todd always spoke of as the model teacher, and whose pupils, adorning so many stations of honor and usefulness in almost every state of the Union united in erecting a monument to his memory, but are themselves his best monument. Payson Kingsbury, one of the dearest schoolmates and friends of my youth, who was for some years an honored and beloved officer of this church, would gladly have been one of our number and gone to college with us. But circumstances forbade, very much to the grief of us all, and our sorrow was still more poignant at his early death.

That lake, by the way, of which I have spoken as the scene of my last interview with Mr. Richardson, is almost a sacred spot in my memory, and the brook which flows from it almost a sacred stream, hallowed as they both are by so many associations with the friends, the pleasures and the precious memories of childhood. I have played in the brook, built dams and sawmills in its rapid, rippling, and sometimes roaring current, picked flowers and fruits, especially wild cherries on its banks, and sometimes fallen asleep reclining under the shadow of the trees, lulled and charmed by the music of its running waters. I have caught eels, or helped catch them, by scores, where it emerges, or then emerged from the lake, and they were none of your little wriggling worms or snakes which do not deserve the name of eels, but great fellows, doubtless some of the old settlers, as long as my arm, and nearly as large, and we caught them without

hook or spear, simply by putting our hands gently under them and tossing them out on the dry land; and I was thus early taught that if I would be a successful fisher, whether of eels or of men, it is better to touch them softly than attempt to hold them by main force. I have fished in the lake, and there, too, learned lessons about fishing for men. I have bathed in the lake, and swum across it, and rowed over every foot of its surface, and sat on the shore, and looked up to the blue sky and the shifting clouds and the flight of birds, and seen them reflected, as in a mirror, from its glassy surface. In short, it seems as if all the rest and recreation and poetry and romance of my childhood clustered and hovered around that lake, as — to compare small things with great — the romance of Scotland about Loch Katrine, or the poetry of Athens about the Ilissus; and in my old age, the lake with its surroundings still underlies and overhangs me in my hours of meditation and reverie, and mingles with my very dreams. I trust no rude or sacrilegious hand will ever be allowed to level the rocks or remove the forests which now form such a scene of wild and sylvan beauty on its southern shore.

To return from this digression. The history of Franklin Academy and Harford University under Mr. Willard Richardson and Rev. Mr. Allen, as also the history of the Orphan School under Mr. Sweet, comes within the remembrance of the present generation, and is better known to you than it is to me. I regret, as I am sure you also do, more than words can well express, the necessary absence of Mr. Richardson on this occasion. Any commemoration of the academy without him were too much like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part left out. We mourn also the recent death of Mr. Allen, who would have

so rejoiced to see this day; and we regret the absence of his excellent wife, widow also of Mr. Preston Richardson, who for so many years lent the support of her rare wisdom and goodness to the institution. But there are graduates of the academy present who can speak for it to-day, and for those who have presided over it. We cannot but wish, of course, that the classical school which has shed such lustre on the town could have been perpetuated as a classical institution. At the same time, we are glad to recognize in the Orphan School, if not a lineal descendant, a worthy successor of the Academy; and we are proud of the fact that when the State of Pennsylvania sought a president for the school, she found the right man for the place in the Harford boy, who, educated in the Academy, now presides over the Orphan School, and wears so gracefully the mantle of his honored predecessors.

Some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood are connected with the spelling schools, the singing schools, and the debating societies which were a sort of appendix to the other schools. Being held in the evening, these drew together not only the young of both sexes, who took part in the exercises, but also crowds of older people as spectators. We used to "choose sides" in the spelling schools, as well as take sides in the debating societies, and those competitions and strifes for victory, like the old Grecian games, while they excited great interest in the spectators, stimulated and inspired the competitors to a generous emulation, and contributed not a little to the education of the young, as well as to the mental and social culture of the community. Our debates were not, I suspect, in the highest style of parliamentary eloquence, although we sometimes discussed

grave political questions: but in spelling, if I could rally about me the boys and girls of those Harford schools, I would fearlessly challenge to a match game, or a competitive test, the students of our present colleges, aye, and our senators and representatives in the Congress of the United States.

I have some recollections in regard to temperance, or rather intemperance, and the drinking habits of the good old times, which go back beyond the remembrance of most of my audience. From my earliest recollection, Tyler & Griswold, Tyler, Carpenter & Co., or Tyler, Seymour & Co., used to keep a variety store in the house on the other side of the brook, next to Dr. Streeter's. And among other good things of every sort which they used to sell there, they kept, of course, a variety of good or bad liquors, wine, brandy, rum, whiskey, and I know not what besides. And equally of course, a variety of intoxicating drinks was always to be seen on the sideboard in my father's parlor or reception room, (and the same was true of our neighbors); a brilliant display it was, flashing from a gorgeous variety of plain-glass or cut-glass decanters, enough to dazzle the eyes and tempt the appetite of the most abstemious visitor. And on the expected or unexpected arrival of strangers, or relatives and friends, many a time was I sent to the store with a decanter in either hand, to have them replenished with the good creature. The earliest instance of the kind that I remember, was at a meeting of the reverend clergy;—I am not quite sure whether it was the Presbytery or the Association,—I am only sure that they required, as such a gathering of ministers in those days usually did, a fresh supply of choice liquors, and I know that I was sent to the store, as I was

often sent afterwards, to bring the needful supply. And I presume, though I do not distinctly remember, I was sent more than once to get the requisite quantity and variety for so august and sacred an occasion. My father being a good deacon, and living nearer the meeting house than the minister, used to keep a kind of ministers' tavern or saints' rest, and so every fresh arrival of ministers and saints was the occasion of sending for a fresh stock of liquors. My hearers will please remember that all this was *before Mr. Miller came* to Harford, so that I was never an agent in tempting *him* to the use of intoxicating drinks, nor was he ever the occasion of my being tempted while laying in a stock of liquors for him. But I am afraid I had more or less to do in putting the bottle to the lips of the greater part of the ministers who preached here before his day.

From the sale of whiskey, of course it was but a short and easy step to the *manufacture* of it; and at length a distillery arose near the mouth of the mill-pond, which, with two others of later origin, converted hundreds of bushels of corn and rye into thousands of gallons of whiskey every year. Cheap grain, cheap wood and cheap labor made cheap whiskey, and cheap whiskey was fast converting the older inhabitants into topers and the rising generation into drunkards—I wonder we did not all become drunkards—and every raising and training was a scene of drinking, swearing and fighting, until, thank God, the temperance reformation came,—not a day or an hour too soon,—to save us from being a town of drunkards, and those fires of the pit were extinguished. Two things are pleasant for me to remember in this connection. One is that my father, in advance of his neighbors generally, and even of his own son in espousing the

cause of total abstinence, (for I remember arguing *against* total abstinence in a debating society when he was ready to go in for the reformation), bought out the distillery, and, at no small pecuniary sacrifice, shut it up, and Tyler & Seymour set the example of stopping the sale of ardent spirits. The other pleasant remembrance is that this glorious reformation commenced here about at the commencement of Mr. Miller's ministry, the first Temperance Society in Harford, and the *first in Northern Pennsylvania*, having been formed in January, 1829, and the first Ladies' Temperance Society in June of the same year, "when," as Mr. Miller informs us in his historical discourse of 1844, "such organizations were a novelty in our country, and were considered as well nigh transcending the sphere of action appropriate to wives, mothers and sisters." God bless the Harford ladies for the transcendent wisdom and goodness which they showed in this as in every other good cause.

The religious history of Harford has been quite remarkable. The names of Mr. Williston, Mr. Griswold and Mr. Benedict, who labored here in revivals prior to the settlement of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, were often on the lips of the fathers and mothers in the church in my childhood, and I can never think of them without reverence. Forty-three persons were received into the church at one communion in July, 1809, as the fruit of the labors of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Griswold. The names of Mr. York, Mr. Truair, and Mr. Conger were not less familiar, as helpers of Mr. Kingsbury, or laborers in his absence on his missionary tours, and of them I have more or less *personal* recollection. Mr. Truair was repulsive to me. Though an able preacher and in high repute as a revivalist, he seemed to me to be a proud and self-indulgent, not

to say a sensual man; he was afterwards silenced for intemperance. Thirty-three persons were admitted to the church as the fruits of the revival in 1819, in which, however, the labors of Mr. Conger and Mr. Lyman Richardson, then teaching in the Centre School House, were much more useful than those of Mr. Truair. I remember Rev. Gideon N. Judd of Montrose (whose name, I believe, is worn by a native of Harford now occupying a conspicuous public station in the far West), as my ideal of a gentleman, a Christian and a minister of the Gospel.

The religious interest of 1826 is written indelibly in the memory of my heart as the time when, as I trust, I began a new Christian life, and when, with some fifteen or sixteen others, chiefly persons of about my own age and companions of my school-boy days, I was received into the membership and communion of this church. I am happy to see four of that number besides myself present on this occasion — the greater part of them have already joined the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven. The minister whose labors were directly instrumental in promoting this revival and ingathering was a graduate of Amherst College of the class of 1824, and of Auburn Theological Seminary of the class of 1827, who was brought here by Rev. Lyman Richardson directly from the seminary before completing his theological studies, and labored with much acceptance and success for several months in Harford and some of the neighboring churches. As this good man, Rev. Edwards A. Beach, made his home at our house (as most of the missionaries and evangelists of those days usually did), I became much attached to him, and he was not only the instrument, so far as preaching was the instrumentality, of bringing me into the church, but by the interest which

he excited in the family in behalf of the institution where he was educated doubtless had no inconsiderable influence in determining my connection, and thus that of my brothers and other Susquehanna County boys, with the college in whose service I have done my life-work. Mr. Beach is still living, hale and hearty, though more than four score years of age. He writes me a letter the first day of January of every year and always addresses me as his son. He was a classmate of Mr. Miller in the theological seminary.

The long succession of revivals of religion with which this church has been blessed, from its establishment until the present time, is one of the chief things in view of which you have reason to thank God to-day, and take courage for the future. The narrative of these which Mr. Miller has given in his historical discourse is as instructive as it is interesting. Long and often may the church continue to enjoy such seasons of refreshing, fully rejoicing in them, heartily cooperating with them and making the most of them while they last, and also improving the intervals between them for edification and growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Soon after entering Amherst College, which I did about the same time that Mr. Miller came to Harford. I transferred my relation, as in duty bound, from this church to the church in that institution; and since that time my personal acquaintance with the church and its pastor has been more interrupted, limited and imperfect than I could have wished. Still I have many pleasant recollections of vacations at the homestead while my parents lived, and occasional though too unfrequent visits since; of participation with you, or rather with the

fathers and mothers of most of you, in the services of the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and the communion table, in the prayer meeting and the sewing circle and the temperance gatherings; and of cooperation with your pastor, as God has given me opportunity, not only in his own pulpit and neighborhood preaching, but in protracted meetings in other churches, when such meetings were held with so much interest and such blessed results in this and the adjoining counties. But of this and the whole history of the church during his fifty years' pastorate, he can tell you more than I know; and there are others here, perhaps, who will give you interesting reminiscences this afternoon.

I take this occasion to thank you for the cordial welcome you have always given me in my visits, as well as for the patience with which you have listened to my egotistical and incoherent ramblings to-day. The more I think of Harford and compare its history with that of other towns and other churches that I have known in a pretty wide circle of observation and experience, the prouder I am that I was born here, and the more grateful I am that here I received my early education and my introduction into the Christian church. Were I to tell you all that I have seen and heard of the sayings and doings, the joys and sorrows, the labors and prayers and sacrifices of the fathers and mothers and earlier members of this church, the day would not suffice for the story. And if I were to tell you how noble and heroic and Christian the men of those days now appear to me, and how intelligent and sensible and beautiful and brave the women, I fear you would think that I have drawn on my imagination for the picture, or that distance lends enchantment to the view. Cotton Mather, (I believe it

was) says, God sifted three kingdoms for the wheat with which he sowed the virgin soil of New England. So Providence selected some of the choicest seed-corn from Massachusetts and Connecticut, with a sprinkling of seed from some of the other New England states, to plant on the hills and in the valleys of Harford. The soil was rocky, the surface was rough, the tillage was hard, the crop was watered with sweat, and sometimes bedewed with tears. But the harvest was all the richer, and the fruit all the sweeter, for the toils and trials and prayers and sacrifices with which it was raised and gathered. They sowed in tears but they reaped in joy. They went forth with weeping, but they came again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. They were of Puritan stock. They brought with them the stern theology of Hopkins and Emmons. Like other Christians of that day and from their section, they were saints of the old dispensation. They belonged to the "Church Militant." But there was nothing which they would not cheerfully have sacrificed for their religion, and the education of their children; for the honor of Christ and the glory of God. Hence the revivals, and reforms, and conversions, and Christian activities, and at the same time the Christian stability and steadfastness that have distinguished this church; hence, too, the schools and seminaries that have been the glory of the town; and the teachers and preachers, and statesmen, and soldiers, and men and women that have been reared and educated here not for ourselves alone, but for the church and the state, the country and mankind. All these are the fruit of the religious faith and fervor of our Puritan fathers and mothers, even as Hume, the skeptical historian, declares that England owes her civil liberties to the English Puritans.

I charge you, then, not to prove yourselves unworthy of such an ancestry, but to transmit the inheritance you have received from them unimpaired to posterity.

To such a people as we have been describing, a wise and kind Providence sent fifty years ago, as their second pastor, him whom they still love and honor, and of whom it is enough to say that he was, and still is the right man in the right place; a born minister, yet born again of the Spirit of God; with a good infusion of Dutch blood flowing in English veins; "a Presbyterian true blue," but one who knew how to work with a Congregational church, and how to train Congregationalists to work with him; at home and in his element with the first settlers of the old Puritan stock, yet adapting himself with true Pauline wisdom and tact to all new comers, from whatever section or sect,—at once active and conservative, aggressive and prudent, always busy, but never making a mistake, preaching the gospel with great plainness and point, but never so as to give needless offence,—never making a personal enemy, and yet never incurring the "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

I remember as if it were only yesterday, when and where I first saw him,—it was in my first vacation home from college—and took tea with him and his young wife in a small house just above the Centre School House. I was a mere boy, and he was but a little older, only just come of age, small, slender, a mere stripling, like David with his sling and his smooth stone out of the brook; but like David destined, with the blessing of God, to encounter and slay more than one Goliath,—more than one champion of sin and Satan. Little did I then foresee or imagine how long he was to stay here, what a work he was to do here, what he was to be to me and my father's

house, and the church of which I was a member, and the neighboring churches, and the half-century of changes and events which was then beginning and has now come to a close. But I must not enter upon this wide field, all covered over with precious memories, for if I once began, I do not know when or where I could stop. I must not begin to speak of Mrs. Miller, the light and joy of his home, the mother of his children, his help-meet in the household and in the parish, too soon, alas, called to rest from her labors,—you can see her portrait, and almost read her history in the "virtuous woman" of the last chapter in the book of Proverbs; nor of the well-ordered family that were our nearest neighbors, and always the first to welcome us when we revisited the homestead from time to time, and the last to give us a parting blessing when we went away again. These personal and family associations with the pastor and the parsonage, are to me among the most hallowed and delightful memories of the half-century which we are reviewing.

I may not tell you, in his presence, how highly I have admired and honored him as a preacher and pastor. Still less will I presume to estimate the value of his studies, labors, prayers and sacrifices in your behalf. Long may it be before his eulogy or his epitaph shall be written. But you will permit me to read to you a description of him drawn to the life thirty years before he was born,—more than a hundred years ago. You will find it in Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Of course it is impartial, and you will all bear witness that it is true.

> A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.
> Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power

By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness who are not only the children of such parents, but the people of such a pastor! Let your children and children's children not only cherish the memory of such preaching, but through *your example* let them reap the fruits of such a life. And when this and all other pastorates shall have come to an end,— when half-centuries, centuries, and time itself shall be swallowed up in eternity, may the great and good Shepherd of the sheep gather pastor and people, and all who are assembled here to-day,—"no wanderer lost,"—at his right hand, to hear the welcome sentence, "Come ye blessed of my Father;" to celebrate the praises of Him who gave his life for the sheep, who hath loved us and washed us in his own blood, and to reign with Him forever and ever.

POEM.

BY MISS SARAH JONES.

AN ECHO OF FIFTY YEARS.

With heart and voice
Let the young and aged alike rejoice;
We stand to-day on a height sublime,
That is seldom reached in the march of time;
Where pastor and people, through smiles and tears,
With a love confiding while it reveres,
Have walked together for fifty years,
The young and buoyant, the strong and glad,
The old and patient, the weak and sad,
In the warmth and brightness and bloom of May,
Or the chill of a dark December day,
Have loved and suffered, then passed away;
On this lofty crest,
Let us wait, in peaceful, thoughtful rest.

In tenderest tone,
The voice of a swift half-century flown
Thrills soul and sense, while we wander back
By the mossy milestones of memory's track;
Till, with quickened vision, we seem to see
This temple filled as it used to be.

The pastor comes with his fair young wife.
Who gave us their early and later life;
With lips of blessing and locks of snow.
The fathers and mothers of long ago
Walk up these aisles with reverent feet.
Each taking the old accustomed seat,
And the blended incense of praise and prayer
Floats softly up through the throbbing air;
But, while we are learning their forms to grasp,
They slip from our eager, longing clasp,
And their echoing footsteps die away
In the far off hush of an olden day.

Of those who heard
And at that first service ministered,
A *few* are treading earth's border lands
So close, that they need but lift their hands
A little, to touch the palms of those
Who, having done with life's joys and woes,
Have slept for years where the willow waves,
And the old church watches o'er their graves.
Perhaps, to-day, from some holy place,
Their spirits, released from death's embrace,
Are smiling above us, because no grace
Or hidden glory can Heaven reveal
The fountains of human love to seal.
These lingering still with uplifted eyes,
And souls outreaching toward the skies,
Shall sweetly pass at life's evening tide,
Through the pearly portals open wide,
To a safer fold.
To a perfect rest and a joy untold.

Within the sound
Of this time-worn bell, on this hallowed ground,
Good men and women are *always* found.
Who are writing a fair, unsullied page,
To be read with pride by a coming age,
And long remembered with grateful thought
For the kindly deeds their hands have wrought.
Of those who have wandered year by year,
From these sheltering places, far or near,
Some, sighing for early friends and home,
To this cherished spot to-day have come;
While the thoughts of others are fondly turned
To this dear old church in their hearts inurned.
In the past or present, to us belong
Wise, truthful natures, heroic, strong
To crush out evil and right the wrong
In many a state
Of the country we love, our Union great.

With chastened pride
We think of *some* who have lived and died
In stranger lands, with no tender touch
From the kindred hands they have loved so much;
And of others, with cultured talent rare,
Who are doing their Master's work elsewhere,
While they speak of the gospel's cleansing stream,
With the love of Christ for their richest theme.
We think of heroes, who nobly fell
In the cause of freedom they loved so well;
Of statesmen, whose words and works have lent
Their aid to our own free government;
Of faithful teachers with patient heart,
Of loved physicians with healing art,
Of office-bearers, in church and State,
The scholar, the judge, and the advocate;

The merchant, mechanic and architect,
And the farmer in manly truth erect;
Of gifted women in every sphere,
Fond wives and mothers esteemed and dear;
White radiant souls, brave, self-repressed,
Of faith and patience and love possessed;
Adorning all that is pure and good
By the sweetest graces of womanhood.
Each earnest thinker with purpose high,
Each honest toiler with single eye,
We welcome with pride, and rejoice in all
Good work, done well, whether great or small.

May the living see,
At the close of another half-century,
This golden grain by our fathers sown,
To a fair and fruitful harvest grown.
May the young who are gathered here to-day,
And those who shall follow along life's way,
Accept this care as a sacred trust,
Bequeathed to them by the good and just.
For the sake of the dear ones gone above,
May they never pause in their work of love,
But toil with a faith unselfish, free,
The priceless crown of humanity.
When shepherd and flock, life's journey o'er,
Have passed from these places to come no more,
May He who watcheth His Israel
And loveth His chosen people well,
Raise up great souls to do and dare,
And guard this Zion with jealous care.
Thus nurtured by prayers and enriched by tears,
May it rise through the glory which Heaven enspheres
In the beauty and strength of a hundred years.

Though this day may be
For all here gathered a jubilee.
Our Pastor sits above all the rest
At this banquet of love, an honored guest.
Our blessings fall on his reverend head.
While we pray the Master to kindly shed
Such generous grace through his inmost soul,
As shall crown and sanctify the whole.
For every trial and loss and pain,
May he find hereafter the richest gain;
For every joy that has gone before,
May he find a better still in store.

To our journey's end
May his mantle of faith on our hearts descend;
And, over our waiting spirits all,
His voice like a benediction fall.
May many souls as an offering free,
Be given as seals of his ministry;
Till, free from sorrow and pain and sin,
Like a chosen son he shall enter in
Through his Father's door,
To go from his presence nevermore.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE WILLIAMS.

Upon taking the chair at the opening of the afternoon session, Hon. H. W. Williams of Wellsboro. Pa., spoke as follows:

My Friends: It is a great pleasure to me to be able to be with you to-day. The mere social reunion of so many whose early years were spent in Harford, is enough to make the occasion noteworthy without more. It is pleasant for those whose lives have led them far from their early homes and from each other to meet thus,—to let go for a little while the labors and excitements of the busy present and look back to the calm and quiet of their early days. And how the distance shortens as we look back! How the pleasant memories float up into distinctness and nearness, while everything else remains indistinguishable in the dimness and the distance.

But the gray haired children of Harford and of this church have not come here to-day to meet each other. Their pilgrimage has been made for another reason. They have come to join with their old friends and neighbors in honoring one who, for fifty years, has ministered to this church and this people in the name of the Lord Jesus. Fifty years of unbroken pastoral labor in the same field is rarely given to any man. It is a great privilege as well as a great distinction. In that time on how many heads has the water of baptism fallen from his hands! To how many hungry souls has he broken the bread of life! For how many sick and how many dying have the precious promises of the gospel been opened! Over how many closing graves and in how many darkened homes has prayer been uttered for the stricken ones still left behind!

Nearer to each one of us comes the question, how many of all those who have enjoyed his ministry during any part of all these years have already gone over the river and "entered into rest." Much the larger half of those to whom he has ministered are waiting to welcome him to his reward. And God in his goodness spares him to see the close of a half-century of such labor, with strength to labor still.

My own early recollections of Mr. Miller are very distinct, for he was the first minister I ever saw or heard. My ideas, therefore, of what a minister should be, both in the pulpit and out of it, were framed upon the model which he furnished me. I remember that he seemed to me, when I was a mere child, to be quite reserved in manner; and yet it was a reserve that left with me the impression that he had a kind word that he wanted to say, but waited the right time in which to say it. When the right time came, he did say it. He waited his opportunity, but he improved it when it came. The first time that he seemed to manifest any personal interest in me I remember as well as though it had been but yesterday. When about fourteen years old, I went one evening to an "inquiry meeting." It was a time of general religious interest in Harford. Public services were being held in the church every night; but for a half hour before the service began, Mr. Miller met all who wished to talk with him on the subject of religion, at the inquiry meeting. As I said, I attended one of these meetings and talked with him, when my turn came, for a little while. At the close of the meeting, as I rose to go out, he touched me gently on the shoulder. From his manner I understood, he wished to talk with me further, and I remained. When all others had gone out he spoke to me a few

words with great tenderness. then kneeling down he prayed God to lead me in the right way. In a moment he was gone. The interview was short, but so gentle in manner. so full of quiet, hopeful trust in God. that it made an impression upon me that has never been effaced.

Other precious memories come to me, but I must deny them utterance. for there are many here from whom we all hope to hear. Let me close, then, as I began. by telling you how glad I am of the privilege of joining you in the celebration of this semi-centennial.

ADDRESS OF HON. PAUL D. MORROW,

OF TOWANDA, PA.

MY FRIENDS: In returning to this beautiful village, after an absence of thirty years. I am impressed with the thought that I am a boy again. full of zeal and hope, and my estimate of the good people here is measured somewhat by the favorable opinions formed long years ago. I remember many of you distinctly, and while I was known to but a few, it is the old story:

"The school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

Nov. 26, 1846, was the day I first came to Harford. It was a wild, stormy day; the snow fell fast from morning until night, and, when about 8 o'clock, we reached the hospitable house of Rev. Lyman Richardson, tired, cold and discouraged, the warm welcome we received and cheerful supper, put new life in us, and we soon cared little for the howling storm without. That night as I lay

upon the bed, thinking of the future, I built castles in the air, of no small dimensions, and I resolved that if hard work and an honest sober life were the price of success, I would enlist for life or during the war. A third of a century has nearly rolled around. —the war is not ended, — anticipations and hopes but partially realized, and yet I feel as if I needed rest. The experiences of real life have not the silver lining and golden fringe that I saw in the cloud that night, and I often repeat, with a sigh, the tender lines of Hood:

> "I remember, I remember
> The fir trees dark and high:
> I used to think their slender tops
> Were close against the sky.
> It was a childish ignorance —
> But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm farther off from heaven,
> Than when I was a boy."

As I said, I feel as if I needed rest: but after long years of work, to sit down is to break down, to rest is to die. The most the hard worker can do is to make work less urgent, less feverish, and it is with joy that I am here to-day, to enjoy a partial rest and join with you in commemorating the semi-centennial of Mr. Miller's pastorate of this church. The two years I spent at the Academy are among the happiest of my life, and you will pardon me if I step aside for a moment to pay a tribute of respect to Mr. Richardson and his family. They were most kind and considerate for all our wants, wishes and woes, and while sometimes we worried their good souls with almost wanton conduct, they were as gentle and affectionate to forgive and advise as one's natural parents. Mr. Richardson had a wonderful ability in the management of pupils, and, in addition to this, he had rare powers to

stimulate us in our studies and impress upon us the importance of continuous hard work and self dependence. Dear good man he was, and his house was a home for us all. Unkind and ungenerous must he be, who does not look back upon his school days here with pleasure and fondest remembrance, and who does not cherish Mr. Richardson's memory in his inmost heart.

During these two years, I attended this church quite regularly. Many impressions made upon my mind still remain. The big bass viol in the gallery and its genial and apt performer are not easily forgotten. In getting it in tune, I thought some of the more sprightly notes might have been omitted with profound propriety. It was perhaps a boyish ignorance on my part of a suitable preparation for that part of the worship. It would have been quite appropriate for Mr. Miller to have given out the hymn as the old Scotch minister did, who was preaching for a friend. where a fiddle was used "to raise the tune;" he said "in continuing our worship, let us sing and faddle the 100th Psalm." But it is only just to say, when the viol was got in tune, it went off with due precision, promptness and energy. There was no discord, though the bass string was as large as a whip-cord, and the touches on the other strings were *mirabile dictu*,—that is—good enough. The player executed well, the choir sang well, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." But it was strange to me, whose education in church music was in the use of Rouse's Version of the Psalms, to very measured tunes. And now, although instrumental music is regarded as a necessity in our churches, I do not think any more of the churches on account of it. My prejudice is almost as strong in that respect as the old Scotch woman's was in regard to the observance of the Sabbath; she kept that

day holy according to the *letter* of the commandment, and when she was told the Saviour plucked off some ears of corn as he passed through the field on the Sabbath day, said "I ken that weel enough, but I dinna think any more of Him for it." But when our attention was turned to the pulpit, different and more serious impressions were made. There was a dignity, faithfulness and earnestness there, that commanded our respect and riveted our attention. Mr. Miller was always impressed with the responsibility of his position, always careful, painstaking, humble; God's glory, not his own, was his burden. His sermons were always carefully prepared, profound and yet distinguished for their simplicity and earnestness. No effort was ever made at what is called popular or sensational preaching, no announcement by newspapers or otherwise of startling subjects. His marvelous work has been done through the "foolishness of preaching." It is said that "all the Athenians and strangers which were at Athens spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing." Ministers there are who are Athenians in this respect.—ever anxious to tell some new thing, and in new ways. Not so with Mr. Miller. His burden has been "the old, old story of Jesus and his love," and with what marvelous results. For fifty years to this people has he broke the bread of life, and the measure of his work will only be known in eternity. Alike honorable is this long pastorate to him and this people. He has been faithful; they kind and generous. His work has been more successful and complete, than if done by different ministers.

[Here reference was made to the friction caused by frequent change of ministers,—the bad effect upon the people, and the tendency to destroy the usefulness of the minister, who seeks a change with a *distant* view of less work by preaching over old sermons.]

But enough. I was requested to give some reminiscences of my school days in connection with this church. but find I am drifting into a *quasi* sermon. My predicament may be as uncomfortable as that of the minister, (I think he must have been an Athenian or stranger at Athens), who told his little son a story of large dimensions. The boy looked up and said: "Pa, is that true, or is it preaching?" It is said that sailors, on a voyage, "drink to the friends astern," till they are half way across, and after, it is "to friends ahead." With Mr. Miller, now, it is friends ahead. There is light at evening-time for him, and, if we could hear, I think now he is saying:

"It is the evening hour, and thoughtfully,
Father, thy weary child has come to thee.
I lean my aching head upon thy breast,
And there, and only there, I am at rest.
Thou knowest all my life, each petty sin:
Nothing is hid from thee, without, within:
All that I have or am is wholly thine,—
So is my soul at peace, for thou art mine.
To-morrow's dawn may find me here, or there;
It matters little, since thy love is everywhere.

ADDRESS OF REV. H. H. WELLES,

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE OF LACKAWANNA PRESBYTERY.

Happy pastor, blessed pastorate, and thrice blessed people to have enjoyed the services of such a pastor for fifty years. I know from your beaming countenances, you thank God that your fathers and mothers of fifty years ago laid hands on "that boy" preacher, and constrained him to abide with you. And while you were

engaged in clearing the forests from these hillsides and valleys, and subduing the soil until it now richly repays your toil in abundant fruits, such as God has promised to the husbandman, your pastor has been engaged in prudently, patiently and faithfully sowing the seed of the Divine Word. which has brought forth a rich fruitage of eternal life.

Some one, in illustrating the style in preaching of three distinguished Genevan reformers, says that Farrel's preaching was like a storm of thunder and lightning; Viret's as the gentle dew; but Calvin's was like a whole day's steady rain. That the preaching with which you have been favored resembled the last, appears not only in those special ingatherings which accompany gracious showers, but in a steady growth, which indicates that the rains and dews of the Spirit have not been withheld from this congregation. Some of us, however, knowing the modesty of brother Miller, have wondered how he could bear the accumulated and culminating honors of this occasion.

When the semi-centennial of Dr. Charles Hodge's connection with Princeton Theological Seminary was held, the subject matter of most of the addresses was not an exposition of the Romans or Ephesians, but an exposition of what Dr. Hodge had accomplished. One prominent editor pronounced Dr. Hodge the greatest reviewer in the world. The subject of all this well-meant adulation felt so humiliated that such praise should be given him, when all the glory belonged to the Jehovah Jesus, whom he loved and revered. that, hiding himself from the audience back of the pulpit, he said to a friend that he never felt so meanly in his life, and that the next day, for the same reason, he was ashamed to walk down the street.

In the re-union General Assembly of 1870, while engaged in reconstructing the synod, it was proposed to erect one in Northeastern Pennsylvania, to be called Scranton, and the commissioners from this region were asked who should open its first session with a sermon. They nominated the oldest pastor in their bounds, Rev. Adam Miller of Harford. This modest brother protested that he could not do it; we must get some one else. He was told that there was no propriety in selecting any other brother. Still protesting in an agonized way, it became necessary to defeat the erection of the Synod, lest presiding at its ecclesiastical birth should be too much for our good brother Miller.

The faithfulness of this congregation in maintaining the faith of their New England fathers and ours, as well as their adherence to their ecclesiastical polity, have made it seem desirable that as their honored pastor is a Presbyterian, and themselves surrounded by Presbyterians, they also should become one with us. But while all the surrounding Congregational churches have succumbed to the advancing wave of Presbyterianism, this still stands alone on the solid rock of independence; or, to change the figure, while surrounded with a wide and barren waste of Presbyterianism, this, like Gideon's fleece, remains saturated with the rains and dews of Congregationalism. Take whichever horn of the dilemma you please.

Years ago, one who was associated with some of us in the old Presbytery of Luzerne, and whose faithful ministrations in and about Mauch Chunk had gained for him the designation of "the apostle of the Lehigh coal regions," lay upon his death-bed. When near his last moment on earth, so devoid was heof pain, that he insisted,

he could rise and be dressed; but when assured by his physician that his earthly end and heavenly glory were near, Richard Webster gave his dying charge to his family and congregation, devoutly thanking God that his whole ministry of twenty-one years had been spent among one people. Twenty-one years is not half of fifty. Since our arrival here the idea has been expressed that so vigorous is your pastor still, that he may possibly live to celebrate his centennial on this earth. Can we wish for him that he should abide in the flesh, seeing generation after generation passing away, until he should reach the years of Moses, still with an undimmed eye, when to depart and be with Christ is far better? No. But we can pray that so long as God shall spare him to minister unto you, he may continue to witness the power of the truth in the conversion and sanctification of souls; and that when he passes into the more immediate presence of his glorified Lord, he may behold coming up to the great white throne not only those over whom he rejoiced while in the body; but that one after another of those who were out of Christ when their pastor left them, submitting to the righteousness of Christ, and cleansed by his blood, may with him cast their crowns at the feet of our adorable Redeemer.

ADDRESS OF REV. N. G. PARKE, OF PITTSTON, PA.

MY DEAR BROTHER MILLER: The Presbytery of Lackawanna, at its late meeting in Canton, having learned that you had completed the fiftieth year of your ministry in Harford, and that this semi-centennial celebration was in prospect, appointed a committee, of which I have the

honor to be one, to meet you and your friends here to-day, and to convey to you and your people the cordial and hearty congratulations of your brethren of the Presbytery. It affords us great pleasure to be here and to share with you the joys of this joyous day.

A ministry of fifty years among the same people, in this age of the world, is not common. It speaks well for you, my brother, that you have been able to stand in your place all these years, preaching only Christ and him crucified. And it speaks well for the people who have stood by you and sustained you with their sympathy, their substance and their prayers. God grant that you may have many days and years still to go in and out before this people.

In coming to this golden wedding, as a token of kind regard we have not brought you gold, but we have brought you what we know you prize more than gold, a copy of the *inspired word of God*, the book from which you have drawn your inspiration and from which you have taught the people. It has some gold about it, as you perceive, but its preciousness is not in the gilding, but is in the truth that lies within its lids, the truth of which the angels sang on the plain of Bethlehem when they tuned their harps to that sweet anthem of praise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men,"—the truth that like the star of Bethlehem leads to the Saviour of the world.

Every season of life has its own peculiar harvest of blessedness. It may be difficult to say in which season the heaviest sheaves are gathered. After fifty years of ploughing and sowing and reaping, you are still gathering and the yield abundant. Was it ever more so? In your youth and in your middle life has a richer crown

pressed your brow than loving hands and hearts have laid there to-day? We do not envy you, my brother, but we do rejoice with you.

There is something bright and joyous in the morning light; there is dazzling glory in the noon-day light; but there are no more beautiful pictures painted on the sky than invite our gaze when the sun is sinking to rest. Then it is that the golden gates are opened. And so it is with life. A life well spent brightens toward its close. Accept, my dear brother, this book, and may its truth with which you have comforted others be your comfort when the shadows fall that will shut out from your view the faces of this beloved people, and the curtain be lifted that hides from your view the city of jasper walls, and streets of gold, and gates of pearl, and the Saviour who has promised to you a crown of life.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOSEPH R. PAGE, D. D., OF BRIGHTON, N. Y.

We are not always wise in giving the preference to former days over the present. Though it must be admitted that changes in the ministry are more frequent now than in the past, yet the pastoral office is still held in high esteem by many ministers and churches, quite beyond what is generally supposed. Since leaving home, on my way to this gathering, I attended a meeting of the Presbytery of Rochester at Avon, to install a pastor and dedicate the new church. Six of the members of the Presbytery who took part in those services had each been the pastor of a single church for a number of years,

which, in the aggregate, averaged a quarter of a century to each. And then the oldest pastor in the body, who is rapidly approaching the fortieth anniversary of his settlement, was not present. We may rest assured that a permanent ministry is not altogether an excellence of the past.

Very precious are these moments,—too much so for many of them to be taken up by a stranger. But though a stranger to the congregation, I am not to the honored pastor. We have frequently met at the anniversary gatherings of the Theological Seminary of Auburn, an institution the advantages of which we have both enjoyed, and the excellencies of which we both highly prize. In my intercourse with him there, I have been impressed with his worth, and become deeply interested in his remarkable history; so that when I received an invitation to be with you to-day, though it involved a long journey at a very busy season, I immediately decided that if it were possible I would come; and right glad am I for the privilege of participating in a commemoration as delightful as it is rare.

Circumstances enable me to speak intelligently of the standing of your pastor at Auburn. The authorities, instructors and alumni of the Seminary concur in the opinion that no more characteristic and worthy specimen of its work can be found than that which has aided to shed a steady and guiding light, and exerted an elevating and saving influence, for the past fifty years in Harford. Here has the Institution been specially honored, and all in any way connected with it appreciate the fact, and rejoice that Auburn should have been chosen of the Lord to give to his people the faithful toiler in his vineyard, whose extraordinary devotion to this congregation has made the present occasion almost, if not quite, without a parallel in the history of the American Church.

ADDRESS OF REV. ANSON SMYTH, D. D.,

OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: I can not express my happiness in being with you to-day. I had been wishing that I could this autumn visit my kindred in this my native county, but had reached no conclusion till the circular of the church committee, supplemented by a letter from Brother Miller, was received, inviting my attendance on this celebration. Then I said to my friends that I had business in old Susquehanna that must receive my personal attention. And having come more than four hundred miles, I meet you on this beautiful and blessed day, in sympathy and communion with your joy and gladness. I am now in Harford for the first time in thirty-seven years, and a stranger to almost all who sit before me. Still, I feel at home here to-day, for I have never seen so large a congregation manifestly so entirely animated by one thought and one joy. Every countenance beams with gladness and every word spoken tells of the joyful heart whence it comes. The only fear I had ere coming here was, that I might have raised my expectations of a good time too high. I have sometimes had anticipations of happiness which were disappointed in the realizations that followed. But this day has far exceeded my highest hopes in regard to it, and I shall go from here bearing memories far more blessed than the expectations which came with me.

But why am I participating in this celebration? I can hardly regard myself worthy of the happiness of being here, much less of the honor of addressing you; for I am not a native of Harford and was never a member of the

church which has for fifty years been blessed with the pastorate of the beloved Adam Miller. Still, Harford had somewhat to do with my early life. Fifty years ago there were "schoolmarms" in the land, whose business it was to help or to hurt the little boys whose good or bad fortune it was to become their pupils. My first 'marm was Eliza Thacher, who taught in my native "deestric," some ten miles from here. She was gentle and kind, and I remember her to-day with grateful affection: and I do not doubt that in the world to which many years ago she was called, she is receiving the reward due to her faithful efforts to help me to walk in wisdom's way. A year or two after, another young woman went up from this town to Lawsville, now Franklin, to "keep" our school. Among her merits was the will to punish with severity all manner of boyish unrightness, be the same more or less. Her rule was about this: *Better that ten innocent boys suffer than that one guilty one should escape.* Since Prof. Tyler told us this morning of the fearful feruling which befel him when a child at school, I will acknowledge that which may please him, on the principle that "misery loves company." There was, however, this difference between Brother Tyler and myself, *I* didn't deserve it! But I got it all the same. After keeping me for near three hours bent forward with the tip of my right forefinger upon the head of a nail in the floor, she gave me a feruling so terrible that the thought of it, even now, almost paralyzes me. But on the whole I am thankful for the feruling, for after being kept so long in a semi-circular position, nothing less than that or a shock from an electrical battery could have straightened me out and restored my personal uprightness. Since then I have been favored with teachers to whom I owe much. Such were President Hopkins of

Williams College and Dr. Taylor of New Haven. But even they failed *to impress themselves upon me* as did that Harford woman before I had reached my tenth year.

But this is not all that I owe to Harford influences. When well along in my teens, I here, under the instruction of that admirable teacher, that noble Christian gentleman, Preston Richardson, commenced my preparation for admission to College. All that Prof. Tyler this morning said in honor of that dear man, I cordially endorse, and I shall ever hold his name and virtues among my most cherished memories. And in the presence of the Messrs. Tyler, freshly arises in my mind the remembrance of their most worthy parents. I seem now to see them in yonder gallery, leading in the service of public praise. And I remember their kind interest in the students who came from abroad to the academy. And if I failed to show them due appreciation of their attentions to me, I am glad in the presence of their sons to express my thankfulness. They seemed to me to be among the truest and worthiest of all the wise and good people that I have ever known. And if the "Tyler boys," as we used to call them, have done well and achieved eminence, it is due not less to home influences than to their own efforts.

But I do not forget the purpose of this gathering. The Scotch had this saying: "The head of the table is wherever MacGregor sits." And though with characteristic modesty he has taken an inconspicuous seat, our thoughts and hearts to-day are centered on the revered man who for fifty years has been pastor of this favored flock. How well do I remember him as he was while still a very young man. So well did he even then perform the duties of his holy office, that the old men of his congregation, some of them fifty years his senior in age, were willingly led

by his wise counsels. When but thirty years of age, in all things, except a youthful face, he seemed like a minister of long experience. There was a maturity, a solidity about the man that gave assurance that he was made to last. With his preaching I was deeply impressed, and to-day I could name the subjects of sermons that I heard from him more than forty years ago, though of them I took no notes. He seemed never to seek the special liking of the boys at the academy; was never patronizing, but when we went to him for advice or instruction, we found in him a friend whose counsel we could follow with safety and profit.

Since then my acquaintance with Mr. Miller has been exceedingly limited. but the sight of his name in papers, and all mention of him have touched a chord in my heart and made me desire again to meet him face to face; a favor which I now most intensely enjoy. For two days it is my great happiness to find in his dear family a home as attractive and delightful to me as was the "House Beautiful" to Bunyan's pilgrim.

Fifty years sole pastor of one church! How extremely rare a fact this is we heard from Prof. Tyler this morning. Who can tell the immense advantage of long pastorates over those that last but for brief periods. What the advantage is in having a single architect in the erection of a great palace, over having a change every week, involving changes in plan and material,—the last one come discarding the granite foundation of his predecessor and building of wood or hay or stubble,—such is that of having one master-builder in rearing a spiritual temple, the building up of a church of God. I know a church in this Presbytery of Lackawanna which has had, I judge, not less than fifteen ministers while Mr. Miller has been

in Harford. The condition of that church has long been a striking illustration of the words of the prophet: "*Many* pastors have destroyed my vineyard; they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness." "Many" will do just that bad work in any church. And it is mournful to know that there are hundreds of churches whose weakness and inefficiency are the natural result of a frequent change of pastors. And I congratulate my brother Miller on having a congregation that has had the wisdom to appreciate and stand by him these long years of his faithful service here. And I congratulate Harford on having had a minister who has declined to leave the people of his first and only love, though many times called to other places. God sent Adam Miller here to *stay*, and neither God nor men have ever had occasion to inquire: "Adam, where art thou?" They have, for half a hundred years, known just where to find him, for he has never hidden himself among the trees of the garden.

And now, my dear brother Miller, I, like some others, have met you, I fear, for the last time in this life. To-morrow I go to other associations, but I shall go carrying with me grateful memories of all you were to me long years ago, and sacred memories of this our last meeting. This day with its beauty and blessedness, will never fade from my rejoicing memory. The many dear friends such as the Tylers, Drs. Torrey and Page, Judges Jessup and Williams, who, like me, have come as pilgrims to a shrine where repose hallowed memories, I shall henceforth hold in deeper love and higher honor for having met them here. But it is you, Brother Miller, who will be the central figure in the pictures which will never cease to throng the memories of this day. From many distant points thoughts of love and reverence will daily fly to Harford, and dwell upon him who for half a century has here stood up for Jesus.

Another fifty years will pass away, and Harford will remain, this goodly church edifice may still stand here, but another pastor will here lead and feed another flock. Then, among them that have turned many to righteousness, you will shine as the stars forever and ever. We who meet you here to-day hope to meet you there. Till then, O Brother Beloved, farewell.

ADDRESS OF REV. DAVID TORREY, D. D., OF CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: My first claim to a place among the speakers to-day is based upon the fact that when I was a boy, and near the begining of Mr. Miller's pastorate, I was here at school for a few months. I am also allowed to appear as a poor representative of the Torrey family of Bethany, in the adjoining county of Wayne. All the children connected with that family to the number of twelve, of whom I was the youngest, were, first and last, sent here to school, sometimes as many as four of them being here at the same time. This town had been the home of my mother, whose maiden name was Achsah Tyler. Her brothers were John, Job, Joab and Jabez Tyler, and her sisters were Mercy, Mary and Polly, who all married Carpenters, and Nanny, who was the wife of Thomas Sweet, and they all had families. So I had flocks of cousins here, and this place was the Mecca of my childhood, even before I was old enough to come here to school.

I well remember how I was impressed by the steepness of the hills over which I used to come. In the neighborhood of Mount Pleasant, it was like going up and down the lines of a letter W. There is a story that Ogden Hoffman of New York came to Montrose many years ago, over the Milford and Owego turnpike, and learning that Lawyer Case of Montrose had "laid out" the said turnpike, Mr. Hoffman sent for Mr. Case in order to say to him that *he had seen one point of land higher than any that the road went over*. Being a less experienced observer, I did not discover any such "higher point," as I used to come along the Coshecton and Great Bend turnpike. However, the journey was always joyful to me, because it was bringing me to Harford, and to the happiest days of my childhood life.

When I was here at school, in the days of Preston Richardson, I was still too young, or too thoughtless to have any opinion about the merits of Mr. Miller, who was then near the beginning of his long pastorate. My appreciation of him dawned upon me in later years, and led me to love and esteem him very highly. One pleasant memory of him is connected with my becoming myself a preacher. When I was examined for licensure, at Honesdale, thirty-two years ago, he was my special examiner in Greek, and sat by my side, looking in the same book with me, while the whole Presbytery were listening to my reading and to my answers to his questions. The performance was very unsatisfactory to me, and, I think, hardly less so to him. But, instead of discouraging me on the one hand, or flattering me on the other, in his kind and genial way, he very skillfully threw the burden of the embarrassment upon the Presbytery, who were much better able to bear it than I was, by saying: "*I think he*

can manage Greek about as well as the rest of us, and I move that he pass." And I passed, but the impression made by his wise and skillful kindness has never passed from my memory, and I have no doubt that many a young minister has owed him a similar debt of gratitude.

The remarkable permanence of Mr. Miller's pastorate, which is the theme of our joy and admiration to-day, is to be partly accounted for by the remarkable intelligence and substantialness of the more influential families of the place. They were "saints" of the *persevering* kind. When they found a good thing, they held on to it. And to them a good thing was a thing that had reality and substance, whether it had showiness or not. Therefore, and because also Mr. Miller had no element of fickleness or instability in him, this permanent pastorate need not surprise us. Those people were New England people,—some of them from the near neighborhood of Plymouth Rock,—and when they came away here, into the woods, they did not indulge themselves in the easy luxury of lapsing into ignorance and low morality and semi-barbarism, for a generation or two. But they held themselves to the stern duty of maintaining religion and education, as their fathers had done. Their religion was of the most positive and decided character, resting upon the strongest doctrinal basis. They even went so far in the direction of complete submission to the Divine sovereignty, as that their foremost men adopted the Hopkinsian theory, and believed it was their duty to be "willing to be lost for the glory of God." This, however, was the *pre-Adamite* theology, and soon passed away under the new dispensation.

Harford was an important center of good influences, religious and educational, for the surrounding country.

My own father, Jason Torrey of Bethany, a few years before the time of my birth, was a widower with six sons and two daughters, and neither he nor any of his family were Christians. He obtained a wife in Harford in 1816. She was the youngest daughter in the large Tyler family already referred to. One result of this marriage was that the sons and daughters were soon here at school, and, as a fruit of Harford influences, the father and all the children became Christians, and the whole community where they lived, and other communities to which they were afterwards scattered, felt, and are still feeling, the benefit which has flowed from those influences. And this was only one of the many streams of good that were during those years sent forth from this Harford fountain.

I have here a letter which was written in 1819 to a young gentleman who had gone from the Harford school and was teaching in the town of Walton, Delaware County, N. Y. The letter is giving the *news* from Harford, and says, "The girls are all teaching." It was the girls personally that the young gentleman was interested to hear about, but it is the impersonal fact of their being engaged in *teaching* that interests us. And so the letter goes on to mention nine of the girls by name, (two of whom are with us to-day), and also the names of the places in which they were teaching. These were Nancy Tyler and Philena Thacher, and Polly and Betsey and Nancy and Sally Carpenter, and Sally Kingsbury, (afterwards Mrs. Lyman Richardson), and Eliza Thacher and Mary Kingsbury, (afterwards Mrs. Jabez Tyler), and they were teaching at Ararat and Clifford and Great Bend and Lawsville and Waterford, and so on. This was the kind of work that Harford was doing in those early days; this the enterprising activity of its educated young women. That they

were accustomed to do their work in a thorough and practical manner, (though liable to mistakes, of course), is illustrated by what we were just now told by our friend, Dr. Smyth, concerning the prompt and effectual manner in which, at a single lesson, he was taught to *hit the nail on the head*,—a thing which he has not yet forgotten how to do.

Three other letters I have here, written also in 1819, to the same young gentleman teaching at Walton. Beautiful letters they are, and I wish there were time to read from them. They were written by Mrs. Aaron Greenwood, in whose family the young man had boarded while in school. Together with many cheerful and jolly items concerning the neighborhood news and the young peoples' fun, the letters are sober with counsels concerning the duties and radiant with encouragements concerning the glorious privileges of a Christian life,—especially for an educated young man like him. They are written in a motherly, and, still more, in a sisterly spirit, but always dignified and womanly, and the last of the three bears evidence that the good seed had taken root and was already bearing good fruit, as indicated by a letter he had recently sent her. She was evidently a *Grace* Greenwood to him, and his subsequent life is known to have been a worthy response to the counsels which followed him from Harford. These facts furnish the merest hints as to the kind of work which the young women of Harford were doing in those days.

Now let us look after some of the young men. I have in my hand a memorandum, prepared by my brother, John Torrey, of Honesdale, (who would have rejoiced to be here if it had been possible), in which he mentions some of the school-boys of 1819.

*William S. Tyler already showed the bent of his genius by declaiming before the school, *in Greek*, St. Paul's account of his conversion, as recorded in the Book of Acts, of which all that the other boys could understand was the one word, "Saul, Saul," twice uttered, as in Acts, 9: 4. If this young declaimer went out from Harford to become one of the foremost Greek scholars of his day, it is at the same time true that he has never lost himself in the dead languages so as to be forgetful of the practical issues of the passing times, but some of the sharpest and most effective utterances on those issues that have appeared in our language have from time to time come from his pen. I need not speak for him, inasmuch as he was permitted to speak for himself this morning, in an address concerning which Dr. Smyth truly says it was both a sermon and a song,—compounded of wisdom and wit,—containing, in accordance with Judge Morrow's story, a good deal of truth and a little justifiable preaching.

Two other persons mentioned in the memorandum are E. G. Tyler and Willard Richardson, who were the "small boys" of the school in 1819. On the same day of the above mentioned Greek declamation, one of these small boys favored the school with a selection from Webster's spelling book, beginning with: "An old man found a rude boy," etc., and the other with: "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., bringing down the house decidedly by the emphasis he threw into the words "like me," in the sentence, "Yet all great, learned men *like me*, once learned to read their A B C." This, probably, was E. G. Tyler, now of Canandaigua, N. Y., who also went

*Three or four paragraphs from here onward were marked in my notes, but, in the hurry of the time, did not get into my speech.

out to be a teacher, and to carry Harford influences with him and seek to maintain and propagate them. The other "small boy" of the school in 1819, Willard Richardson, was the perpetuator for many years of the school which his father had founded, and is gratefully remembered by a host of pupils as a very enthusiastic and inspiring educator, and, since the war of the rebellion, has been most usefully and honorably engaged in South Carolina, training teachers *from among* the freedmen *for* the freedmen, by the duties of which work he is prevented from being here to-day.

One other person mentioned in my brother's memorandum I must not fail to speak of. J. Wadsworth Tyler was one of the school-boys in 1819. He also went out as a teacher, and found his way, nearly fifty years ago, to the place where I now reside,— the beautiful and cultured village of Cazenovia, N. Y. He was a member of the church of which I am now pastor. People of sixty or seventy years of age there love to speak of him as having been a young man of uncommon loveliness and excellence of character, and of uncommon success and usefulness as a teacher. At the time of his too early death, though only twenty-seven years old, he occupied the important position of principal of Cazenovia Seminary, being the only Presbyterian, or non-Methodist, who has ever occupied that position. The faculty and students of the Seminary showed their appreciation of him by erecting a handsome marble monument, from which, just the other day, I copied the following beautiful inscription:

"*Hoc monumentum carissimi viri, nimium cito ad coelum revocati, ejus moestissimi amici posuerunt.*"

"This monument of a very dear man, too soon summoned to heaven, his very sad friends have erected."

Yes, very dear men and women went out from Harford during the second and third decades of this century. Happily others remained here to welcome the young minister in 1828, and to perpetuate his pastorate, during these fifty years, for which we congratulate them and him, and ascribe all the praise and glory unto the Lord.

ADDRESS OF PROF. EDWARD G. TYLER,
OF CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

MR CHAIRMAN: At this late hour of the day, I shall endeavor to be very brief in my remarks. As a Harford boy of fifty years ago, this semi-centennial gathering has been to me an occasion of very great interest. The anticipation of it has been a pleasure, and its realization has exceeded the anticipation. In view of the scenes and reminiscences of this day, I am more than ever impressed with the feeling that Harford is a good place in which to be born and to pass one's childhood, in comparison with which being born in a city is, as some one has said, not to be born at all. As the history of this church and society and town has to-day been reviewed and presented to us, we have found an answer to the oft repeated question, Why did our honored fathers select and settle in this wild, rugged section of the country, turning away, as they did, from the rich valleys of the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, through which they passed on their way hither? The answer to this question, heretofore intimated but to-day confirmed, comes to us, that Providence ordered this settlement of our fathers for a great end; that end being the development of individual and social

life and character, such as would not have been developed under more favorable circumstances. Were there time, I would like to illustrate and enforce this thought. I would like to show, too, how this light, kindled here on these hill tops, has shone out upon surrounding darkness, and has sent its rays into distant places; how this has been a fountain of wide-spreading influences, like the springs and lakes on these hill sides and hill tops, flowing down through verdant valleys into the larger channels of commerce oceanward, then lifted up in vapor and wafted by the winds far inward, where they fall in dew and rain to freshen and fertilize many a far distant field; so true is it of this place, in having sent out so many young men and women, that it has "not lived for itself."

And this pastorate of fifty years; what is it but the outcome of such a state of things, at once an effect and a cause, entering into the remarkable history of this town. This continuous pastorate of half a century, the more it is considered, the more strange, almost without a parallel, does it appear. Few places can present its like, however distinguished they may be in other respects. Rochester has her falls of the Genesee, and Buffalo receives into her lap the commerce of the great lakes, but neither of them can claim a fifty years' pastorate. Philadelphia has had her centennial exhibition, New York is the commercial metropolis of the western continent, and Boston may be styled the Athens of the new world, but neither of them can exhibit a continuous pastorate of half a century. And I have been thinking, too, how near this church came, once and again, to losing this proud distinction and this day's memorable occasion. If I mistake not, some forty years ago, as the neighboring churches of the growing towns of Carbondale, Honesdale and Binghamton were

without pastors, they very naturally turned their longing eyes towards the *substantial* man of the Harford church, but, to the praise of his stability and his unaspiring spirit, they received no encouragement in this quarter. Thus passed away that period and others of a like nature. But there were other perils to the permanence of this ministry, particularly the one already referred to by our remarkable pastor, as incident to the settlement of so young a minister over a church composed so largely of men and women of mature years, of well instructed minds, of strong convictions and of decided theological opinions. For as I look back upon these fathers and mothers of blessed memory, and recognize in them noble specimens of human nature, and true representatives of their puritan ancestors, yet I incline to think they were not "the spirits of just men made perfect," but were rather clearly of "the church militant," and while some of them, perhaps, were "crooked sticks," others of them were so straight and stiff as not easily to be bent, and these were the most troublesome of them all. And yet this prudent young minister, with the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove, a skillful "fisher of men," met and safely passed through these and all like difficulties, and so has had the "grace of continuance" until this time.

As a resident of the place during the early ministry of this beloved pastor, I wish now and here to thank him for the deep interest he was wont to manifest in the young of his flock, and to assure him of our ever grateful remembrance of him and of his prayers and efforts in our behalf. But as this occasion reminds us of the pastor, it also very naturally reminds us of the pastor's wife, who, alas, too soon called away, witnesses not this scene, unless it be from the heavenly heights. My youthful vision recalls

her first coming to this place as the bride of the young pastor, comely in person, tasteful in dress, becoming in demeanor, interested in the social and religious work of the church, while in her young and growing family she was a model wife and mother, administering its affairs with such discretion, wisdom and economy, as to make her the wonder of the parish—how she could do so much and so well, even often times in feeble health, and how she could make so little salary and means go so far in the comfort and charming appearance of the numerous family. In memory, to-day, all who knew her with her husband and children "arise up and call her blessed." And now, in making up my reminiscences of the early scenes of this pastorate, I must recur to a circumstance already referred to by our reverend father, when he said his first visit to this place was not by railroad, nor by stage coach even, but on *horseback* from Auburn, N. Y. As my father kept the minister's tavern, which provided for man and his beast, I have a very vivid recollection of that horse,—sorrel, with his mane turned to the near side of the neck, firmly built, and well adapted to the hard ministerial work which he did here in after years, going up these hills, and, what is yet more difficult, going down them. Yes, the "missionary horse" is to be commemorated, for he is the historic, if not the poetic, animal of our early churches, and he is, if anything is, the "sacred animal" of modern times. Surely we need not withhold a commemoration of this public servant, since a like commemoration is set before us in the holy gospels where it is recorded "the Lord hath need of him." And now, Mr. Chairman, I must close, having already exceeded my promised limits. Were there time, I should like to speak of other scenes of former days, of the playmates and schoolmates of my boy-

hood, the Tiffanys and Thachers and Streeters and Farrars and Carpenters, Blandings, Guiles and Richardsons; of fishing, swimming and skating sports; of ball games and training days; of the squirrel hunt, and the famous wolf hunt, in which I had a boyish part. I should like to speak of the schools of former times; first the log house and frame barn on East hill, where, at three years of age, Philena Thacher of blessed memory taught me the first rudiments and allowed me my noonday nap; then the Center School House, beautiful for situation, elevated and retired from the highway and embowered among bright evergreens, the most beautiful temple and hill of science, seemingly, which my eyes ever beheld; and last the Academy in the west part of the town, founded and presided over in my time by that pure spirit and devoted teacher, Preston Richardson. I should like to speak, if there were time, of Harford's primitive methods of raising money for benevolent objects, as I call to mind the "missionary cornfield" and the "missionary flock of sheep" of fifty years ago, and to inquire whether later times have really improved upon these early methods. But I must not prolong or multiply reminiscences. I close with a summary statement of my feelings toward the home of my childhood, by saying that this place is to me "classic soil" and "the holy land," to which my footsteps ever turn with a delight akin to that of one visiting Greece and Rome, and with the loving devotion of a pilgrim to Mecca or Jerusalem.

ADDRESS OF HON. S. B. CHASE,
of Great Bend, Pa.

Among the many pleasant reminiscences of those precious early days, as given by the friends of our youth

to-day, none seem quite so rich to me as the tender memories clustering around this church and its honored and revered pastor. Other scenes have fond associations, but these are more cherished, because relating to the spiritual, the higher, the prospective of life.

During two or three years of my attendance upon the ministry of Mr. Miller, I took and preserved quite full notes of his sermons, concluding with the general impression of such service upon my mind. The conclusion of one I will take the liberty to extract. "Sunday, Nov. 15, 1846. Age, 18. * * Impressed with the importance of the observance of the Sabbath, and in view of such importance and the manner in which I have formerly kept this sacred day, I now resolve, as far as I am able, to keep the Sabbath as the day ought to be observed. Upon that day to abstain from all labor, pleasure or amusement; to peruse no books or other publications, except religious, and to confine my conversation entirely, as far as possible, to religious subjects. That this may not be an ephemeral resolution, I ask God to assist me, to impart grace sufficient for me, that I may be enabled to observe this most sacred institution and not cast a stigma upon the cause of God." I dare not claim, dear friends, that this resolution has always been worthily maintained, but I must affirm that the Sabbath has always seemed dearer to me since; and I have always tried to keep the day properly, not even allowing myself to write a friendly letter during its sacred hours, unless in case of sickness or death. So other days' ministrations of like impressiveness have served to give shape and add vitality to my Christian life. Truly, what arithmetic can estimate the influence of half a century's service and ministrations upon the thousands who have been under Mr. Miller's preaching, and are now filling the varied stations of life.

This day we have returned to do him honor. Is not this right? Shall we not rejoice as one and another voluntarily points to some word or prayer of his that has turned their feet, under God, into the ways of godliness? Yes, let us rejoice, but as when the Seventy Disciples, returning from their wonderful successes in their Master's work, were reminded by their blessed Saviour, so let us, so let our venerable and beloved Pastor Miller, be reminded "to rejoice rather that your names are written in Heaven."

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. CARPENTER.

FORT DODGE, IOWA, September 26, 1878.

Hon. Henry M. Jones, Harford, Penn.:

MY. DEAR SIR: I received your letter enclosing a circular programme announcing the proposed commemorative gathering of citizens and former residents of Harford on October 3, 1878,—the day which completes a half-century of continuous ministerial labor by Rev. Adam Miller with the church and congregation of Harford. I regret that my engagements will not admit of my being present. If it was in my power to lay aside or postpone my duties here, I would not hesitate to make the journey from Iowa to Pennsylvania, to avail myself of the privilege of being with you on that interesting occasion. As I look back over my life now, I can see how much I owe to the moral, social and intellectual character of Harford society, of which Mr. Miller has, in large measure, been the moral exemplar and spiritual teacher for fifty years. A boy could not grow to manhood under the influences of Harford society, however unpromising his early life might

seem, if capable of being influenced by the strong characteristics of the men around him, without going out into life the better and the stronger for such helpful association. Of late years I have come to realize more fully than in my younger days, that the best qualities of Harford manhood are largely due to the teachings, the examples, and the half-century of holy living illustrated in the person of Rev. Adam Miller. I should rejoice to be with you to say the above, and more, in presence of the Harford people, but, as this is impossible, I have written to express my regrets, and to inform you of my sympathy with the object of your meeting, and of my respect for the noble man in whose honor you assemble.

Very truly your friend,

C. C. CARPENTER.

LETTER FROM THOMAS E. GRAVES, ESQ.

WEST KILLINGLY, CONN., September 26, 1878.

GENTLEMEN: Mrs. Graves and myself desire to express to you our thanks for the invitation to your gathering; and personally I am obliged for the invitation to participate in the speech-making. We have hoped to be with you, but find I must continuously be in court, and so must forego the anticipated pleasure. Perhaps it is all for the best. In early life I was specially fond of attending ministerial gatherings, for I have ever found ministers the happiest of men and the most enjoyable companions; and I have thought we were all improved by the contact. I was often in request as a speaker on moral questions,

and notably at temperance gatherings, etc. But Dr. Dow, my old minister, once gave me a shot that "took me down" considerably. On a Sabbath afternoon I addressed a large audience at the dedication of a new hall to religious and other good uses. The next morning the Doctor met me and said: "Esquire Graves, I saw you were not at the third service yesterday; please give account of yourself." "Well, Doctor," said I, "we had a dedication at New Boston, yesterday. We had a fine choir of singers, a Universalist minister to offer prayer, and I preached the sermon." "Well, well!" said he, "and I have no doubt the Devil was well pleased with the whole performance." So you see if I was with you and should take part in the speaking you might say, with the good old minister, I had better stick to what I was accustomed to do. When good old Dr. Dow had preached fifty years, we had a gathering, as you will have, and a delightful time we had, as you will have. That day is to us one of pleasant memory, and your invitation carries us back to it, and thence back to the earliest of our days; and it is of special regret to my wife that she cannot be with you. She was born in your town, baptized there, and well remembers when, more than fifty-six years ago, at the age of four, Mr. Jones, whom she remembers well and of whose attentive kindness she often speaks, brought her and her mother and sister, with a two-horse team, in a covered wagon, across the country through Newburg to her father's home in Thompson, Conn. I went there in the spring of 1837, a young lawyer just from college and law school. On the first Sabbath I was seated nicely, when Mr. Thomas Thacher and a young lady came to the same pew. For *steady preaching*, I liked that pew and *stuck to it*. A year and a half after, that young lady and

I were married. At Thanksgiving, after this, Mr. Thacher asked what I thought, when he and his daughter first came into the pew. I said I thought General Jackson had come, and for company had the most beautiful girl I ever saw; and, as true as you live, she is now,—with her person as trim and rounded as a girl's; her abundance of snow-white hair, bright look and ringing laugh,—handsome and more lovely than in her girlhood. Now, you just ask Prof. Tyler, on the sly, if this is not true. *He knows.* He has been so long among dead things,—languages and such,—and has had to be so solemn before the college boys that to look at him you would hardly think it, for he will remind you of one of your shagbark trees. But just pop him open, get him to pull off his specs and join in a frolic, (and it is in him), and he will be just like your shagbark when you split *that* open. The inside is as clear of knots and gnarls as the outside is rough with them, and then how white the color, how fine the grain, how strong the timber. I am writing this letter away from home, and that my reputation for family discipline may not be impaired, hope my wife will be kept ignorant of these presents. When we received your letter, my wife called to mind some letters from her Aunt Greenwood of Harford, to her father, about the settlement and pastorate of Mr. Miller, and we looked them over and will give you some extracts from them. I never knew Mrs Greenwood, except as she appears in her letters, but it seems to me she must have been a lady of good education, clear perception and an unflinching advocate for the truth and right, as her teaching and conscience led. A sketch of persons and times by such a woman must be of interest and now in order.

Some two months after Mr. Miller's settlement, on December 21, 1828, she writes: "Our minister, Mr. Miller, we hope is of the right stamp. He has, so far, manifested none of that fiery zeal which we have formerly had so much reason to deplore. Still he is active, visits from house to house, appoints weekly lectures for different districts of the town, studies and writes his sermons, which are discriminating and pointed. Mr. Miller has a sweet wife, who appears more like your own dear Betsey than any person I ever saw." You see Mrs. Miller and the mother of my wife are said to resemble each other. I do not know if Mrs. Miller is now living, and so I abstain from comments; but to those here who knew Mrs. Betsey Thacher, no higher praise, in their opinion, could have been paid Mrs. Miller by Mrs. Greenwood.

On April 4, 1829, she writes: "Our good minister, Mr. Miller, is making strong efforts to bring us to order and reform society. Through his influence Esquire Tyler has changed his distillery into a hatter's shop and joined the society. I think you would like Mr. Miller. He will not preach but two sermons on the Sabbath, nor have conferences; but his Bible class is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and generally the people are becoming more and more united in him."

Three years after the settlement, on August 7, 1831, she writes: "Mr. Miller is unwearied in his exertions to instruct, explain and enforce the doctrines of the gospel and the duties connected with them. If there ever was a minister who labored for the *good* of any people, we have reason to believe he does for this. For six months there has been a meeting for prayer Tuesdays and Thursdays in different parts of the town. No other meetings,

except on the Sabbath. When any wish to converse with Mr. Miller they go to his house. A stranger would not know there was any uncommon attention, only by the stillness and solemnity in the meetings."

Thirteen years after the settlement, on December 11, 1841, she writes: "Our minister, Mr. Miller, and a great number of whole-souled ones in the church and society, have taken the places of the old ones, who are almost all gone excepting the Tylers. * * * They, you know, are of the sort who always do right. They are not the ones to follow on when only others start useful projects, for they are some like Uncle John, who would be the head, not the tail."

I cannot but think the Tylers were good men to have in society, there are so few who *never* go wrong. Who Uncle John is I don't know; but I deeply sympathize with him, and, if he is alive, give him my regards and tell him "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I doubt not we might find other letters telling of the olden time, but these open to us the views the good woman had of your pastor for some twelve years of his pastorate with you. They tell of him as a man of sound doctrine ardently laboring for the good of the people. At the end of the twelve years of ministry, as shown by the letters, the people are united in him and his work goes bravely on; and now a half century of work being done and nearly all if not all who took part in his settlement gone home, you join in celebrating the glad day which marks a ministry of *fifty years*. We rejoice with you; we regard the *fact* as one more to your honor as a people than I can express. In the matter of long pastorates we have fallen on evil times. In matters of life and estates men demand mature years and long and carefully stored

knowledge, but in what is most important of all—that which will remain when this life and these estates are perished, most parishes demand a youth and a trumpet. For one I love long pastorates and preaching full of grace and truth. I like men who, like Paul, proclaim their message with fidelity and, like John, with love. Now I think Mr. Miller such a man. Give our love to him. Tell him we not only love him whom we have not seen, but we reverence him for what we learn of his fidelity to truth and duty, and with his church and congregation join in wishing that for many days he may yet dwell among his people.

With grateful regards I remain yours truly,

THOMAS EUGENE GRAVES.

LETTER FROM REV. E. O. WARD.

BETHANY, PA., September 14, 1878.

It would afford me great pleasure to accept of your invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial of your pastor and participate in the exercises of the occasion. In 1832 young and inexperienced I left home to commence in Harford Academy a course of study preparatory to the Gospel ministry. In Harford I was a stranger, and Mr. Miller very kindly took me in, and for a time gave me a home. At that time an attachment was formed on my part which during these forty-six years has continued unbroken and uninterrupted. While I remained in Harford and during my college and seminary course I was frequently in his family, and to him I was wont to go as to a father for counsel and direction. Thus I early learned to respect and

love him. In his family I always received a cordial welcome, and to *them* as well as to him I have ever felt bound by strong and tender ties. In 1841, nearly ten years after our acquaintance and friendship commenced, he married us at the home of my companion, and his presence there added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Since then our paths in life have been somewhat divergent, but we have ever remembered him and his with sincere gratitude and affection. We sympathized with him in his sorrows; we have rejoiced with him in his successes. We have always been glad to welcome him at our home, and we have seldom visited Harford but we have endeavored to make him at least a call. In these circumstances we greatly desire to be present at the contemplated Semi-Centennial. But Mrs. Ward for a week past has been very sick, and it is not probable she will be able to go or well enough to leave. If I should not be able to attend, please give my kindest regards to Mr. Miller, and express to him our sincere regrets. May the Lord abundantly reward him for his kindness to me and mine, and make him in the future, as he has been in the past, a blessing to his church and people.

Yours very respectfully,

E. O. Ward.

LETTER FROM C. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Chicago, Ill., October 1, 1878.

E. S. Tiffany, Esq.:

My Dear Sir: Your invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Miller's pastorate of the church of the old home was duly received. I cannot accept this invita-

tion much to my regret. I should very much rejoice to meet the friends who will be there on such a remarkable occasion. A crowd of friends and recollections come before me as I think of my boyhood days. Those were happy ones, and mingled with these recollections prominently are those relating to the church and Sunday-school, the pastor and the people. I would like to go back to those days with my present experience, so that I could avoid many of the mistakes I have made in after life. Although those days were godless ones, yet I believe that then those seeds were sown which afterwards produced conviction of the truth of Christianity and the purpose of a better life.

LETTER FROM REV. WILLARD RICHARDSON.

WINNSBORO, S. C., September 27, 1878.

Mr. E. T. Tiffany:

Your card of invitation by the committee to the "Commemorative Gathering" around our beloved pastor of days gone by, and to participate in the exercises of the occasion was duly received. It is with great regret that I am obliged to forego the pleasure of meeting with you on the third of October. It is an occasion that so seldom occurs. How many interesting remembrances cluster around a half century of ministerial labor. I was but a lad when the pastoral relation commenced, and yet I remember it well. As I think of the "Gathering" at Harford, events long hidden in the recesses of the past come forth into prominence, and I feel as though I could hardly be denied the

pleasure of joining with those who were with me at Harford when Mr. Miller came, and who with me have learned from his lips the lessons of gospel truth, that have been the guide of our maturer years and our stay and support as we are treading down the declivity of life.

He has welcomed us into the church, he has buried our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and our husbands, and stood by the graves that were hiding our loved ones forever from our sight. And we have been permitted to sympathize with him in the trying scenes through which he too has been called to pass.

Looking back upon the revival scenes of the past, I ask, where are his colaborers in those earlier refreshings from on high, and empty echo answers, where? The silence of the dead is resting upon them, and he alone is left,—a connecting link between the past and the future,—to recount the tender mercies of the most High to his faithful people in all ages.

Nor has Harford alone felt his influence, but from her educational institutions has gone forth a steady stream of human activity, to act its part on the theater of human life. How much those activities have been molded by his teachings in and out of the pulpit eternity alone can tell. When the third of October comes, though I am not to be with you in presence, in spirit I shall be with you, and my earnest prayer will be, that the God of all grace may bless your gathering together, and that the pastor's heart may throb with emotions of deepest gratitude, as his children in the Lord gather around him, once more, for his benediction and blessing.

Very truly,

WILLARD RICHARDSON.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER RECEIVED FROM MRS. CLARA C. CLARKE, OF SYRACUSE, N. Y., SINCE THE ANNIVERSARY.

Chairman Executive Committee, etc.:

* * * * There has always been music in the church there. Our dear old pastor, Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, used to say that he was always glad to hear a baby cry in meeting, for then he knew the mother was there; and, for aught I know, there has been ever since the same feeling in the heart of the present minister, if the music was not too loud and too protracted. We children, from infancy, were always expected to be in the house of God on the Sabbath, unless detained by sickness or very bad weather. If living at a distance, when small, we rode in lap on horseback; when larger, we rode behind our parents on the horse. Some families came on ox-carts or sleds; all brought their dinners and stayed all day. Roads were poor and wagons few, but we must go to meeting some way. Thanks to our good parents and friends for such excellent training.

* * * * * *

The congregation all sat through singing, but reverently stood in prayer-time. No one seemed to feel that it was right to address God, except in a standing posture, with bowed head. Probably it was from habit, or early instruction. All stood at family prayers; at meals all stood till the blessing was asked, and, the repast through, all rose and stood while thanks were returned.

Speaking of Hannah Thacher, afterwards Mrs. Pride, reminds me of the time when she and her sister, Philena, afterwards Mrs. Hotchkin, took their departure,—one in 1821, the other in 1823,—for the Choctaw nation, as missionaries. Those were great events. Brave hearts

were those that went out from that dear old consecrated house, facing so many difficulties, sustained by prayer and faith in God. His blessing went with them, and we that remained were blessed.

Now I mention one of the winter comforts of those days, in the house of God, where the wind whistled through the numerous cracks in the unfinished building. Some of the women had their foot-stoves. They were few though. But the old fashioned ten-plate stove in which, during service, was kept a roaring fire, had its top covered with flat stones. Before meeting commenced, all who could would procure hot stones for their feet, and, although there was some noise made by the frequent changing of the stones, some returning those that were cooled to be warmed for other feet, and others taking them when warmed, yet the good minister was not in the least disturbed by it; neither were the people, for they were earnestly drinking in the truth. * *

CLARA C. CLARKE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1878.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY

OF HARFORD, PA.

The First Congregational Society of Harford was incorporated December, 1832. Present Board of

TRUSTEES:

Cyrus S. Johnston, *President.*
Henry M. Jones, *Treasurer.*
Edwin T. Tiffany, *Secretary.*
Tyler Brewster,
Elias N. Carpenter,
Daniel M. Farrar.

The Congregational Church was organized June 15th, 1800.

PASTORS:

Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, August 4, 1810, to September 10, 1827. Died March 22, 1842.
Rev. Adam Miller, September 21, 1828.

DEACONS:

John Tyler, 1803. Dismissed 1810. Died 1822.
Obadiah Carpenter, 1803. Died 1810.
Caleb Richardson, Jr., October, 1810. Died April, 1838.
Moses Thacher, January, 1811. Dismissed 1825.
Joab Tyler, August, 1825. Died January 13, 1869.
Lee Richardson, August, 1825. Died June, 1833.
Preston Richardson, July, 1833. Died December, 1836.
Payson Kingsbury, July, 1833. Resigned 1839. Died 1843.
Onley Thacher, March, 1840. Dismissed.
Jared Tyler, March, 1840. Died July 7, 1876.
Tyler Brewster, 1866.
Dennison K. Oakley, 1866.
Edwin T. Tiffany, 1866.
Wallace L. Thacher, 1877.

Clerk of the Church—Wallace L. Thacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Edwin T. Tiffany. *Superintendent.*
Wallace L. Thacher, *Assistant Superintendent.*

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH:

The names of the present members are in *italics*. The letter (r.) indicates those who had previously been members, and return from churches to which they had been dismissed.

JUNE 15, 1800.

Obadiah Carpenter,
Anna Carpenter,
John Tyler,
Mercy Tyler,
John Thaeher,
Mercy Carpenter,
Mary Thacher.

1800.

Sarah Thacher.

1803.

Joseph Blanding,
Huldah Blanding,
Sarah Thacher,
John Carpenter,
Molly Carpenter,
Samuel Thacher,
Betsey Thacher,
Thomas Sweet,
Nanny Sweet,
Ezra Carpenter,
Mary Carpenter,
Obadiah Carpenter, Jr.,
Achsah Tyler,
Elias Carpenter,
Abigail Sweet Claflin,
Sally Chamberlin,
Wright Chamberlin,
Obadiah Thacher,
Elizabeth Thacher,
Anna Knapp,
(Name omitted, 1.)

1804.

Elizabeth Jones,
Patty Gere,
Elizabeth Whitney,
Ichabod Seaver,
Mary Seaver,
Nathan P. Thacher.

1805.

Elisha Bell,
Sarah Bell.

1806.

Eliza Sweet,
Nancy Howard,
Abel Read,
John Tyler, Jr.,
Polly Tyler,
Polly Carpenter,
Joab Tyler,
Elizabeth Read.

1807.

Caleb Richardson, Jr.,
Huldah Richardson,
Mary Traey.

1808.

Ezra Sturdevant.

1809.

Sarah Cole,
Electa Cole,
Betsey Cole,
Julius Chamberlin,
Azebah Chamberlin,
Lucy Follett,
Eliab Farrar,
Jemima Farrar,
Sarah Oakley,
Nancy Thacher,
Charlotte Sweet Richardson,
Nancy Sweet,
Thomas Sweet, Jr.,
Fanny Read Summers,
Joseph Blanding, Jr.,
Huldah Blanding Dunn,
Adin Blanding,
Sabinus Blanding,
Harriet Wadsworth Tyler,
Lucinda Carpenter,
Mary T. Carpenter,
Jabez Tyler,
Mary Carpenter, 3d,
Thomas Thacher,
Moses Thacher, Rev.,
Washington Thacher, Rev.,
Daniel Thacher,
Myra Thacher,
Bethia Thacher,
Rebecca Thacher,
Sarah A. Thacher,
Polly T. Carpenter Jones,
Lois Carpenter Handrick,
Mercy Carpenter Thacher,
Achsah T. Carpenter Tiffany,
Lyman Richardson, Rev.,
Lee Richardson,
Lucy Miles,
Arunah Tiffany,
Olney Tiffany,
Job Tyler,
Sally Tyler,
Nancy Capron Stanley,
Hannah Tiffany Stanley,
Eliphalet Ellsworth,
Lucy Follett,
(Names omitted, 3.)

1810.

Stephen R. Thacher,
Esther Richardson,
Martha Wilmarth,
Anna Stanley,
Eliza Greenwood,
Nabby Tyler.

1811.

Asahel Sweet,
Milla Tennant,
Hannah Kingsbury.

1812.

Tyler Thacher, Rev.

1813.

Sarah Fisher,
Rebekah Dunn,
Eunice Peck,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1814.

Ruth Tiffany.

1815.

John Gilbert,
Polly Gilbert.

1817.

John Seymour,
Betsey Tacher.

1818.

Aaron Greenwood,
Noah Tiffany,

Samuel Thacher, Jr.,
Enos Thacher,
Hannah Thacher,
Sarah Herrick,
Polly Follett,
Mary Thacher Guile,
John P. Dunn,
Daniel C. Thacher,
Clark S. Tanner,
Daniel Seaver,
Preston Richardson,
Sarah Kingsbury Richardson,
Phebe Brigham,
Philena Seaver,
Philena Thacher,
John Stanley,
Lydia Carpenter,
Charlotte Seaver,
Jason Wiswall,
Sally Wiswall,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1819.

Daniel Oakley,
Betsey Oakley,
Fanny Sweet Carpenter,
Sally Carpenter Oakley,
Mela Tiffany,
Betsey Thacher,
Dorothy Worth,
Martha Tanner.

1820.

Eliza Thacher,
Onley Thacher,
Noah W. Kingsbury,
Mary Kingsbury Tyler,
Jotham Oakley,
Nancy Sweet,
Peddy W. Adams,
David Lyon,
Patty Lyon,
Sally Green,
Elizabeth Lyon,
Rachel Tiffany,
Huldah Thacher,
Diana Runnels,
Betsey Read Norris,
Emily Read Burns,
Louisa Sweet Thacher,
Amanda Thacher,
Nancy Carpenter Oakley,
Eliab F. Blake,
Amherst Carpenter,
Braton Richardson,
Isaac Lyon,
Alanson T. Williams,
Augusta Sophia,
Mehitabel Gilbert Thacher,
(Name omitted. 1.)

1821.

Caleb C. Richardson,
James Greenwood,
Betsey Greenwood,
John Guard,
Fanny Guard,
Alvira Thacher,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1822.

Austin Jones,
Lucina Farrar,
Mariett D. Fuller,
Lyman Follett.

1823.

Emily Fuller Burton.

1825.

Eunice Jeffers.

1826.

Sally Lyon,
Artemissa Thacher,
Clara Tyler Clark,
Hannah Rice Jackson,
Phebe Stiles Carpenter,

Alvira Guile Read,
Caroline Greenwood Stiles,
Lucy Greenwood,
Rockwell Guile,
Seth W. Thacher,
Joab W. Griswold,
Shepherd Carpenter,
Charles Rice,
Abel Rice, Jr.,
William S. Tyler, Rev.
Anna Rice,
William J. Pride.

1827.

Susanna Payne.

1830.

Joel Hotchkiss,
Esther Hotchkiss,
Calvin Hotchkiss,
Lucretia Hotchkiss,
Mercy Tyler,
Anna B. Miller,
Susanna McFarland,
Peter Thacher, 2nd,
Emeline Thacher,
Eliza Read Burns,
Loisa Thayer Allen.

1831.

Hannah Payne,
Charles Payne,
Bennet Hotchkiss,
Desdemona Gilbert Parrish,
Mary A. Tuttle Stearns,
Betsey Thacher,
Lorin Very,
Evalina Stanley Farrar,
Sally Oakley Tiffany,
Cyrene Hammond Very,
Lucy A. Blodgett,
Julia Thacher Hawley,
Sophia A. Richardson,
Hannah Seymour,
Sally Read Spencer,
Temperance Guile Blanding,
Russel R. Thacher,
Eleanor T. Farrar,
Richard Hotchkiss,
Orreme Seeley,
Abram Taft,
Elizabeth Taft,
Nancy Read Tobey,
Sarah Ellsworth Tiffany,
Hannah Blodgett,
Dexter Stanley,
Elona Blanding,
John W. Watson,
Mary Read Wrighter,
Maria Hotchkiss Seeley,
Elizabeth Taft Withey,
Armina Lancaster,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1832.

Joseph Blodgett,
Willard Richardson, Rev.
Emeline Farrar Ward,
Harriet Thacher,
Luther T. Farrar,
William A. Ellsworth,
Nancy T. Thacher,
Emily Wiswall Coon,
Eunice Fuller Chapel,
Density Carpenter Oakley,
Thaddeus Fields,
Fanny Fields,
Sally Loomis,
John Peck,
Phebe Peck,
Peter Williams,
Sophia Williams,
Davis F. Thayer,
Erastus Brewster,
Submit Brewster,
Peggy Thayer,
Sally Tyler,
Amanda M. Carpenter.

1833.

Mary A. Sanborn,
Harriet Tyler Richardson,
Samuel Guile,
Hannah Guile,
Polly Sweet,
Abel Read, Jr.,
Caroline Stanley Tuttle,
Saxa Seymour,
Daniel M. Farrar,
Dexter C. Stanley,
Polly Guard,
Fanny Guard,
Amos J. Rice,
Sally Rice,
John Stanley, 2nd,
Eliab M. Farrar,
Isabella McIntosh Wilcox,
Jared Tyler,
Payson Kingsbury,
Mehitabel Richardson,
Betsey Tanner,
Mehitabel Lyon,
Joseph Peck,
Polly Peck,
Eliza Watson Tennant,
Lebbeus Lewis,
Cyrene Very Mullinex,
Almira Carpenter,
Roxa Rice,
Loisa Case,
Hannah Guile Coughlin,
Mary A. Follett,
Silence Richardson,
Mary Hartt Farrar,
Sarah J. Wiswall,
Adah Carpenter Abel,
Eliza Guernsey Alworth,
Abel Rice,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1834.

Betsey Thacher Rice,
Seeley Wood,
Mary Farrar Godding.

1835.

Platt Freeman,
Mary Freeman,
Polly Tyler Guile,
Sarah Guernsey,
Hannah Carpenter,
Mary A. Coomer,
Jesse Carpenter.

1836.

Jonathan T. Langdon,
Obadiah Mills,
Jane Mills,
Sarah M. Mills,
Elizabeth Hotchkiss.

1837.

Caroline Carpenter,
John Swarthout,
John D. Decker,
Magdalena Decker,
Mary A. Leslie,
Lydia Payne Bushnell,
Judith Mills.

1838.

Polly Stewart,
Margaret Osborn,
Sally A. Lyon,
Nancy M. Kingsbury,
Mary Kingsley Nichols,
Julia Oakley Hull,
Mary Hannah,
Loisa M. Buck.

1839.

Sarah Bishop,
Adaline Richardson Gardner,
Catherine Spearbeck Thacher,
Flora Eastabrooks,
Huldah A. Dunn,
Susan McDonall,

Olivia Loomis Carpenter,
Mary M. Chamberlin,
Nancy Guard,
Nathan G. Brainard,
James G. Hotchkiss,
Susanna Gnile Breed,
Sophia Guard,
Dennison K. Oakley,
Thusa B. Taft,
Amos Guard,
Russell Tuttle,
Joseph F. Lyon,
Frances Lewis,
Sophia A. Guard,
John A. Smyth,
Jane Smyth.

1840.

Stephen Torrey,
Emily A. Farrar,
Asahel Abbott,
Henry Dailey,
Mary Van Buskirk,
Nathan Hawley,
Loritta C. Oakley,
Adah M. Oakley Hull,
Elizabeth Conrad.

1841.

Ira H. Parrish,
Horace G. Summers,
Maria More.

1842.

Kenath A. Johnston,
Nancy N. Johnston,
Edith B. Kingsley,
Mary Watson,
John Kingsley,
Thomas D. Tennant,
Leah Gillespie.

1843.

Hiram C. Baker,
Mary Baker,
Susan M. Thomas,
Milbourn Oakley,
Margaret Hardenbrook Tiffany,
Clarissa B. Farrar Roe,
Harriet A. Hotchkiss,
Almira Avery Wilcox,
Clarissa Roe,
Ambrosia R. Kingsley,
Lydia J. Oakley Finn,
Deborah Alison,
Henrietta C. Kingsley,
Sarah J. Kingsley,
Cynthia Tiffany Butler,
Catherine Gnile Gamble,
Stephen L. Greenwood,
Ary T. Packard,
Loranda Carpenter Lyon,
Harriet Brandage Seymour,
Betsey A. Carpenter Lyon,
Lovisa Carpenter Dimmick,
Achsa Melissa Tiffany,
Sarah Jones,
Angeline Thacher Moxley,
Sally Greenwood,
Hannah Tiffany,
Lucy A. Greenwood,
Hannah Farrar Grenell,
Angeline Tiffany Grinnell,
Harriet N. Gamble,
Mary J. Gillespie,
Elsie E. Daily,
Williston K. Oakley,
Elizabeth Gamble Tucker,
Richard Gamble,
Lucius B. Taft,
George Gamble,
Anna Gamble,
Orton P. Jackson,
Benjamin B. Roe,
Margaret Roe,
Daniel T. Roe,
Henry W. Williams,
Nancy M. Richardson,

Marietta W. Sweet,
John K. Gamble,
Mary E. Avery,
George M. Gamble,
(Names omitted, 2.)

1844.

Robert Gillespie,
Elias N. Carpenter,
Amanda Carpenter,
Mary Root Gibson,
Susan Lily Packard,
Jemima B. Thayer,
Jane E. Sumers.

1845.

John B. Buck.
Susan Buck,
Maria S. Buck,
Sarah Brainard Farrar,
Ann H. Birnie.

1846.

Julia A. Thacher Watrous,
Samuel N. Thacher,
Jane Whitney,
Cordelia Carpenter Whitney,
Fanny S. Thacher,
Philo A. Chase,
Byington Thacher,
William O. Baker,
Eliza Oakley,
Julia M. Spearbeck,
Mary Gamble,
Anna K. Gamble.

1847.

Dorothy Bell,
Jacob Clark,
Cynthia Clark.

1848.

Amanda Seymour.

1849.

Sarah Parrish.

1850.

Tyler Brewster,
Maria L. Brewster,
Elizabeth M. Tucker,
David Quick,
Caroline Quick.

1851.

Horace Little,
Sarah M. Little,
Abigail Little Hammond,
Margaret Wilson,
Benjamin Watrous,
John Leslie,
Julia A. Quick,
Eliza Jane Burbank,
Fanny Tingley,
Adaline Thacher.
Amanda Thacher,
Betsey A. Rice,
Nancy Tanner Brundage,
William T. Lyon,
Samuel E. Lyon,
George W. Williams,
George I. Tingley,
John F. Lyon,
Mary A. Leslie Gillespie,
Hannah Rice,
Martha Tanner Brundage,
Esther Little,
Fanny M. Little,
Harriet M. Lyon,
Eliza Blanding,
Cyrus S. Johnston,
Emma P. Gamble,
Adelia S. Dickerman,
Hannah C. Richardson,
Ann E. Read Moxley,
Betsey Oakley Jeffers,
Josephine E. Blanding,
Isaac B. Greenwood,

Charles E. Edwards,
Sarah M. Edwards,
James Wilson,
George M. Gamble,
Catharine Gamble,
E. Martin Blanding,
John H. Blanding,
Louisa T. Lyon.

1852.

Nathan T. Hull,
David B. Belknap,
Helen M. Baker,
Mary L. Oakley Peckham,
Ellen C. Park,
Sophronia W. Tyler,
Sarah Watrous.

1853.

James Manson,
Margaret Manson,
Abner Stanton,
Angeline Stanton,
Ebenezer Avery,
Hezekiah Avery,
Louisa T. Allen, r.
Henrietta L. Allen.

1854.

Alonzo Abel,
Harriet L. Abel.

1855.

Emeline Thacher, r.
Adaline Thacher Kimball, r.
Samuel N. Thacher, r.
Eleanor Jane Thacher,
Elizabeth S. Eaton,
Elizabeth V. Buskirk Tingley,
Hannah E. Carpenter,
Catherine Guernsey,
Eliza L. Thacher Stearns,
Eveline S. Clark,
Jane Williams,
Maria Potter Hotchkiss,
Nancy J. Carpenter,
Betsey Carpenter Darrow,
John S. Carpenter,
George M. Carpenter,
Henry J. Tyler,
Charles C. Payne,
John W. Tyler,
Benjamin F. Eaton,
Robert G. Dailey,
Eugene E. Blanding.
Charles L. Seeley,
Rachel S. Bell,
Nancy Sweet Alaworth,
Laura O. Lindsey,
Mahala Watson Leroy,
Amanda D. Gillespie,
Almira E. Leach,
Julia Oakley Gere,
Eliza K. Diekerman,
Mary Miller,
Flavia C. Blanding,
Charlotte M. Jackson,
Esther B. Tingley,
Edwin T. Tiffany,
George A. Lindsey,
Marietta I. Jones,
Julia Coughlin Tyler,
Dennis E. Moore,
Amanda N. Babcock,
Martha Patterson,
Emily A. Lyon,
Caroline S. Miller Tyler,
Ann Eliza Lewis,
Julia Carpenter Sweet,
Sarah Perigo,
Eunice B. Carpenter,
Nancy M. Tiffany,
David E. Whitney,
Joseph Moore, Jr.,
Ralph N. Eaton,
John L. Tiffany,
Albert B. Hotchkiss,
John A. Sophia,
Gardner J. Babcock,
Amasa B. Tucker,

Wallace L. Thacher,
Preston B. Williams,
George L. Richardson,
Mary C. Allen,
Leonora Very,
Samuel H. Oakley,
Daniel C. Oakley,
Jane Carpenter Moore,
Minerva Percy,
William Baker.

1856.

Joseph McConnell,
Mary McConnell,
Daniel M. Farrar, r.
Mary Farrar, r.
Sarah Dixon.

1857.

Only Thacher, r.
Lovisa Thacher, r.
Ann M. Stearns,
Edward K. Richardson.

1858.

Mary Whiting,
William O. Bryant,
Charles E. Bryant,
Hannah Bryant,
Clarinda Wilmarth,
Margaret McConnell,
Catherine Morrough Stewart,
Isaac S. Corwin,
Valara Corwin,
Azor Thacher,
Harriet Thacher,
Adaline M. Tingley,
William J. Alexander,
Robert Hill,
Mary E. Watson,
Euniee O. Corwin,
Huldah Loesa Johnston,
David W. Titus,
Euniee O. Titus.
Cornelia Frear Carpenter.

1859.

Robert Alexander,
Mary Alexander,
Mary Hill,
Sarah Andrews,
Emeline Chamberlin,
Mary Patterson,
Margaret McMurray,
Pamelia Polk.

1860.

J. Bird Greenwood,
Fanny S. Greenwood,
Eliza J. Decker.

1861.

Abby Sweet Seeley,
James W. Belknap,
Lucina Farrar, r.

1862.

Charles M. Parrish,
Newell W. Tiffany,
Linus W. Moore,
Chauncey F. Moore,
Horace M. Linsley,
Ann Eliza Carpenter,
Polly E. Tiffany,
Eudora Avery,
Emerancy L. Linsley,
Eleanor Very.

1863.

Dr. George M. Gamble, r.
Catherine Gamble, r.
Margaret A. Howell,
Mary C. Green,
Emeline Oakley,
Elizabeth T. Gregg.

1864.

Wilbur Johnson, Rev.
George Gamble, r.
Anna Gamble, r.
Harriet A. Kingsley.

1865.

Anna Julia Miller,
Agnes B. Thacher,
Elizabeth Brewster Marean,
Clara M. Tiffany,
William Alexander,
Hannah Alexander,
Annie B. Tanner,
Lodisa May Grinnell Payne,
Mary Ella V. Buskirk Thacher,
David P. Brewster,
Thomas S. Miller.

1866.

Martha Kelley,
William Dixon,
Sophia Dixon,
Augusta R. Miller,
Mary C. Tanner,
Mary Catherine Green,
Levo L. Le Roy,
Hugh McConnell.

1867.

Humphrey G. Parrish,
Joseph McConnell, Jr.,
Edward J. Tyler,
Wallace L. Thacher, r.
Sarah Dixon,
Nancy M. Tyler,
Eleanor Hill,
Sarah E. Dimmick,
Kate Dimmick,
Emma Roe Miller,
Celia J. Edwards,
Sarah Miller,
Franklin L. Green,
Alpha D. Tyler,
Mary Bagley Brewster,
Almira C. Stearns,
Sarah E. Moore Tiffany,
Alice M. Dimmick.

1868.

Henrietta L. Allen, r.
Emma L. Tiffany,
Emma P. Gamble, r.

1869.

Julia B. Parrish,
Alfred Sinsibaugh,
Sarah C. Miller.

1870.

William James,
Esther M. Sweet,
Edward K. Richardson, r.
Mary A. Richardson,
Henry S. Sweet,
Jeanette Ira,
Lydia M. Tingley,
Florence E. McConnell,
Robert J. Alexander,
Margaret Alexander,
Mary Alexander Stuckey.

1871.

Amanda Sherwood,
Marentha S. Thacher,
Edny L. Seeley,
Addie Carpenter Van Buskirk,
Lucy B. Tingley,
Augusta Devine,
Sophronia Farrar,
Alice Tucker Moxley,
Sarah J. Tingley,
Charles H. Miller,
Milbourn O. Webster,
Hutchinson Alexander,
Amanda L. Moore,
James A. Williams,

Carrie Van Buskirk Belknap,
Mary A. Cortright,
Catherine McConnell,
Achsah Melissa Tiffany, r.
Henry W. Wellman,
Sarah Wellman,
Mary Follett.

1872.

David Alexander,
Joseph Matthews,
Derinda J. Matthews,
Anna Alexander,
Ella Carpenter Grinnell,
Margaret Jennie Tanner,
Ida H. Moss,
C. Eva Brewster,
Helen Mead,
Fannie A. Mead,
Hattie F. Williams,
Lizzie E. Tiffany,
John Dixon,
Julia L. Moore,
Washington McConnell,
Mary Manson,
(Name omitted, 1.)

1873.

Dr. Henry Pennypacker,
Abbie E. Gow,
James Barnes,
Elmer C. Webster.

1874.

Anna Wilmarth Titus,
Carrie Brewster.

1875.

Sarah Jones, r.
Ella Watrous,
Emma L. Parrish,
Jennie Pennypacker,
Martin E. Tingley.

1876.

Willis B. Hammond,
Joseph L. Williams,
Ida S. Williams,
Henrietta Roe,
Helen A. Follett,
William H. Patterson,
Anna Patterson,
Harriet S. Jackson,
Sarah Sweet,
Anna Eastman.

1877.

Jeanette Rodgers,
Eliza Osterhout,
Loren O. Tiffany,
Susan C. Tiffany,
Mary Hill.

1878.

John Wadsworth Tyler, r.
Alpha D. Tyler, r.
Susan Tyler,
Harry Van Buskirk,
Evaline Tiffany,
Flora M. Hammond.

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22

Hanford, Pa., Congregational Church

Fiftieth anniversary of the
ministry of Rev. Adam Miller

Oct. 3, 1878

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